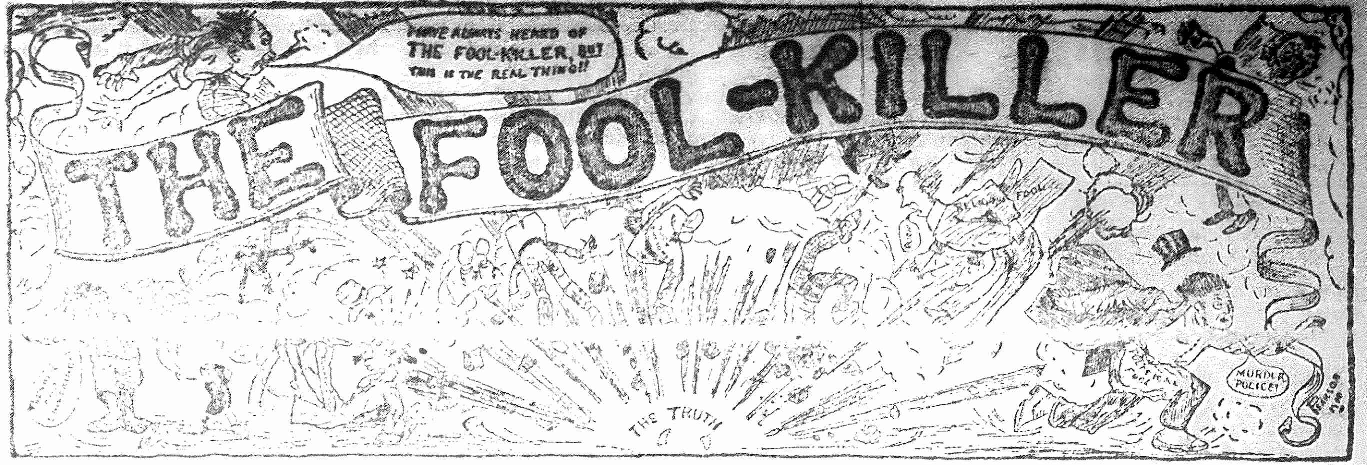
I HAVE ALWAYS HEARD OF THE FOOL-KILLER, BUT THIS IS THE REAL THING!!
THE FOOL-KILLER
FOOL
POLITICAL FOOL
MURDER POLICE!
THE TRUTH

Volume XI. Boomer, North Carolina, January, 1922. Number 11.

IT IS IMPORTANT

Some people say:

"Oh, Pearson, why do you talk so much about theology? That isn't of any importance, nohow."

Yes, it is, too.

Much more important than you think.

Of course a man might go through life like an idiot and be such a fool that he wouldn't be accountable for his sins, and in that case he would be all right anyhow.

But who wants to be an idiot? I prefer to have a rational mind of my own and use it.

And I tell you right now, Mister Reader, if you want to be an intelligent man—if you want to understand the meaning of the great events that are happening in the world today—then you MUST get acquainted with True Theology. There is no other way to understand these times and the strange events that are crowding in upon us. They are all linked up with God's divine plan and dovetailed with prophecy to such an extent that you cannot separate them. And you cannot understand one without understanding the other.

The reason people get the idea that Theology is not important is because they are thinking about the old orthodox theology, which really isn't worth two cents a ton, to be paid for in raw rabbit skins. You cannot make the old theology fit in anywhere. If you try to make it fit at one place it is all out of socket somewhere else—sorter like trying to weld a grubbing hoe to a goose's bill.

Harding and Dougherty think they have pulled a great stunt in refusing to restore to Eugene Debs his full rights of citizenship. They seem to think that will cripple his influence with the people and cause him to sneak around like a puppy with a sore tail and apologize for being alive. Mighty little do they know about Debs and the great towering beauty of his world-wide fame. The peanut politicians, in their efforts to belittle Debs, remind me of a ground-lizzard trying to throw dust in the eyes of an eagle.

TRYING TO SOBER UP.

The nations of the world today remind me of a gang of red-nosed drunkards who have guzzled old corn juice till they are just about all in. One morning after an unusually big spree they wake up with an unusually bad headache, and right then and there they resolve to cut it out.

They say among themselves:

"Look here, we have been feasting at the flowing bowl for many years. We have been having a he old time together, wallowing in the mud, pickling our guts in alcohol, and spending our substance in riotous living, while our families have suffered for the bare necessities of life. We have looked upon the wine when it was red, and we have painted our noses like a September sunset. We have graduated in the fine art of spewing, and we have groaned and cussed with more than fifty-seven choice varieties of headache. We have enjoyed all this in our debauched and drunken way, but we are at last waking up to the fact that it isn't a paying proposition. We begin to see that it hasn't helped us any. We realize that it has been a great curse to us and our families. Go to, let us call a Disboozement Conference and see if we can agree among ourselves to sorter begin to "taper off." We are afraid to quit all at once, as that might upset our constitution and be too great a shock to our families, but we see an urgent need of cutting down the amount."

Hon. Snarles E. Spughes is chairman of the Drunkards' Disboozement Conference, and he gets up and reads his plan of disboozement as follows:

"I propose that we all agree to limit ourselves to two quarts a week or less, depending on the size of our bellies and that no more be made until the present supply is used up. And I further propose that all the likkker that is too poison to drink shall be poured into a crawfish hole."

Then up jumped every delegate in the house and swore that his likker was absolutely pure and good, and he wasn't willing to pour out any of his supply, but he was perfectly willing for the other fellows to pour out theirs.

And then every fellow unbuckled his belt and swelled out his belly in order to show how big it was and to prove that he was entitled to a little more booze than anybody else.

Thus it went on from day to day, and they couldn't agree on any method of "tapering off." Nobody suggested that they pour it ALL out and quit short off and be done with it.

I wonder if the Disagreement Conference at Washington has got sense enough to take a hint?

FALSEMAN H. OLDBERRY

Four years ago a millionaire mutt by the name of Falseman H. Oldberry, from Michigan, bought himself a seat in the Benited State Senate. And after four years of parleying over the matter, that august body of peanut politicians has voted to permit "Senator" Oldberry to retain his bought seat and draw his breath and his salary, even after the "Senator" had acknowledged the spending of $195,000 to elect him.

That is poor business, but it seems to be good Republican politics. Everybody knew from the very outset that the Republican machine in the Senate would whitewash the old Huckleberry and allow him to hold his bought seat. But the most remarkable thing about the whole proceeding was the resolution adopted in seating him. The language of the resolution is such as to add to the infamy of the act itself. It is admitted in the resolution that the amount spent was "too large, much larger than ought to have been spent," and then says:

"The expenditure of such excessive sums in behalf of a candiate, either with or without his knowledge and consent, is contrary to sound public policy, harmful to the honor and dignity of the senate, and dangerous to the perpetuity of free government. Such excessive expenditures are hereby severely condemned and disapproved."

That language is the pure stuph, all right, if it had been backed up by actions to correspond. But in the very same breath the senate turned right around and said:

"Here, Huckleberry, you may continue to hold your bought seat in this millionaire club. We don't quite approve of the way you got it, but you are a good Republican and you may keep it. And you had better be thankful that you are a good Republican, too, because if you had been a Democrat or a Socialist we would have kicked you out before the water could get hot."

And they would.

It is all a political game, and the very brazenness of it is enough to make the devil blush with shame.

If a Socialist should be honestly elected to the Benited States Senate by an overwhelming majority, he would never be allowed to take his seat.

But one of their own political gang can be just as stinking rotten as the very sewers of hell and get by with it slick as howdy.

Machine politics!

Money power!

Corruption!

Oh, what a gang!

I have just now for the first time seen a picture of "Senator" Huckleberry in a newspaper, and his face reminds me of a piece of saddleblanket tied over a pumpkin.

IMPORT SOME WIND

It is beginning to look like there will have to be a law passed to import some wind for Washington.

The region along the Potomac has never been able to supply more than the normal requirements of the house and senate; and now that the Disagreement Conference has also been in session for nearly four months, and all these august bodies chawing wind about 24 hours a day, I am not surprised to hear that the wind in that community is getting mighty scarce.

I am just waiting to see who will introduce a bill to appropriate some money to import some wind.

Hold your nose and say "Senator Huckleberry" three times, and then spew.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
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TAKE NOTICE

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

Reduced Rates

Well, folkses, I have decided to risk my chances on putting The Fool-Killer back to its old price. Print paper is still costing me twice as much as it did before the war; but the general trend of prices is downward, and I want to give my readers the benefit of all possible reduction, because I know times are hard and money scarce.

So please tell everybody you see and send word to the rest that they can now get The Fool-Killer again at the old price—25 cents for a single subscription, or 15 cents each in clubs of five or more at one time.

Now please rush in the subs like you did in the old days, and I'll do my level best to keep 'em awake.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this rag of reform.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor, and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will, and that settles it.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, N. C.

NUTS TO CRACK.

The Moody Bible Institue, located at Chicago, what-a-noise, has for the past two or three years been sending me occasional batches of its advertising literature with form letters urging me to take up its correspondence courses in Bible study.

Well, I have looked into its teachings considerably and decided that is didn't know enough about the Bible to teach me anything, and so I haven't taken up any of its courses. But I have decided to ask the Moody Bible Institute a few questions and see if it can answer them.

So the following questions have been prepared and forwarded to Chicago with a request for written answers. If I get the answers I will print them in The Fool-Killer for all you folks to see.

Moody Bible Institute,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

For the past two years or more I have been getting your advertising literature and your form letters urging me to take up your correspondence courses in Bible study. I have not yet decided to do so, but I have decided that you can help me in making my decision. If you will be so kind as to send me your written answers to the following questions, and if your answers are satisfactory I will consider the matter of taking up some of your Bible Study courses. But if you cannot answer these questions, or if you try to dodge around them and make evasive answers, I shall have to conclude that you do not know enough about the Bible to teach me anything.

Now for the questions:

Was the Garden of Eden on the earth or up in heaven?

Was Adam created mortal or immortal?

If Adam had not sinned, would he ever have died?

If he had not died he would have lived forever, and wouldn't that have proved that he was immortal?

But on account of sin he DID die, and don't that prove that he was mortal?

Is there a difference between eternal life and immortality?

In other words, can a person live eternally and never die, and yet not be immortal?

If Adam had not sinned and thus brought death upon himself, where would he have spent his endless life?

Would he have lived forever in the earthly paradise where he was placed, or would he have developed wings and flown away to some place beyond the stars called heaven?

If Adam could not go to heaven without dying, and could not die without sinning, doesn't that prove that sin and death are blessings to the race?

Did Adam and his race lose an earthly home or a heavenly home?

If Jesus Christ came to restore to the race that which was lost through Adam's fall, what will he restore?

Was Adam a human unit—a single individual—or was he two individuals in one?

If Adam was composed of two parts—soul and body—which part was the REAL Adam?

Which part was it that could think, feel, understand, and be responsible for its conduct?

Which part was it that sinned, the soul or the body?

If it was the soul that sinned, why did the innocent body have to suffer for it?

And if it was the body that sinned and was condemned, why is it said that souls have to be saved?

When God said to Adam, as recorded in Gen. 2:17, "for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," which part of Adam was God talking to?

What does the word "thou" refer to in Gen. 2:17?

If you say it refers to the soul, then what does the same word "thou" refer to in Gen. 8:19?

How many different penalties were passed upon Adam for his sin?

Was one penalty pronounced against his soul and another against his body?

Is the penalty mentioned in Gen. 2:17 a different penalty from the one mentioned in Gen. 3: 19?

If there was just one penalty, what was it?

Does the Bible say it was death—a returning to dust?

Or does it say it was an endless life of misery in a burning hell?

Suppose that Adam and Eve had been created and placed in the Garden of Eden just as they were. And suppose they had sinned and been driven out just as they were. Suppose the same penalty had been pronounced upon them that actually was pronounced. And after all that had happened just as it did, then suppose that no Saviour had come to redeem them—where would Adam and his race have spent eternity?

Did Jesus really die on the cross?

Or was it just his body that died?

If Jesus had an immortal soul that didn't die, and if that immortal soul was the REAL JESUS, then it seems to me that the preachers have been giving us a lot of bull about Jesus dying for sinners. Why not just say that the house Jesus lived in died to save the house that man lived in, but that the REAL JESUS did not die and that the REAL MAN is not saved?

When Jesus raised Lazarus of Bethany from the dead, where did Lazarus come from—down from heaven or out from the tomb?

If the REAL LAZARUS had been in heaven four days, and then came back to live with his sisters again, can you explain why he never told them a word about his wonderful trip and what he saw up there?

These are just a few questions that are bothering lots of people, and your answers to them will be eagerly awaited.

Yours truly,
JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

Now, folks, we'll have to wait awhile and see what the Moody Bible Institute will do about these questions. If it answers them I will print its answers in this paper soon as possible, and if it hums and haws and tries to dodge the issue, I will tell you about that. In either case we are liable to have some fun. Tell everybody to keep an eye skinned and look out for the answers.

And say, by the way, here's how you can have some additional fun on your own hook: Take this paper and read these questions to some of your orthodox friends and get their answers. If it don't cook their gooses I'll treat.

PARAGRAPHS.

Nine decent Republicans in the Senate. They voted against the seating of Huckleberry.

If Japan is allowed to have a Mutsu, it looks like some other nation ought to have a Jeffsu.

The new Senator from Pensyltucky is named Pepper, and he voted for Huckleberry. I should sneeze!

The rule is that when you buy and pay for a thing it belongs to you. Probably that's why the Senate allowed old Huckleberry to hold his seat.

We used to hear the complaint that the proud fashionable women "put everything on their backs." Well, you can't accuse 'em of that these days.

If the sensible people of Athens, Ga., do not go to church, the preachers will have no right to kick. They have not invited anybody but the fools.

An income is an awfully curious thing. A man can't possibly live without it, and it is almost equally difficult to live within it.

The Benited States Senate seems to be getting awful full of "blocs." But that isn't at all surprising, because it has been full of "block-heads" all the time.

There is not a particle of use to expect any reform from a Senate that will permit old Huckleberry to have a seat in it. You might as well try to plant goober-peas in the moon or fish for tadpoles in the top of a haystack.

I see it stated in a dispatch from one of the fashion centers that girls are going to abandon galoshes. Now I am not going to ask what a galosh is. It might be something ugly.

JUDGE RUTHERFORD SPEAKS.

It is very seldom that I can find any thing in the other papers fit to copy in The Fool-Killer. It seems that very few people know how to express things in my way. But the following extract from a lecture delivered by Judge J.F. Rutherford in the great New York Hippodrome recently is just as good as if I had said it myself. And so I am just going to yank out a few fist-fulls of it and pass it around among the readers of The Fool-Killer. Wish I had room for the whole lecture, but it is too long. I quote from The Golden Age:

The ruling factors again assemble, and this time at Washington. No one who thinks seriously expects anything good to come of that conference. It is conspicuous that the only man who made a great public fight for disarmament was ignored when the United States members of the commission were appointed. It was well known that if Senator Borah were on that commission the people would know what was going on inside.

The greater portion of the public press is owned by or subsidized by big business. It speaks as it is commanded. Big business, big politicians, and big clergy, through this mouthpiece, with one accord have recently freely proclaimed to the people. "Unless the disarmament conference brings forth an arrangement establishing lasting peace on earth, civilization will be plunged into chaos." Out of their own mouths shall they be judged. To this date the conference has accomplished nothing. It will accomplish nothing unless the divine remedy is followed.

Concerning this and other phases of Satan's empire, the hand of God has written upon Belshazzar's wall: "Weighed in the balances and found wanting." This alliance of big business, big politicians, and big clergy is unholy in the sight of God, because the clergy have abandoned the Lord and joined hands with the forces of Satan's empire. Speaking through his holy prophet to those who would form such a federation for the controlling of man, Jehovah foretelling its destruction says: "Associate yourselves, O ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces; and give ear, all ye far countries: gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces; gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces." Isa. 8:9. The first girding of the ruling factors was at Paris; the second is at Washington.

The forces of earth are marshaling for Armageddon. There is but one way to prevent the plunge of civilization into chaos, as predicted. This was foreshadowed by the Lord through his prophet Jermiah. If big business would cease profiteering, cease exploiting the people through its subsidized means of propaganda, permit full employment and an opportunity for every man to earn his food and to exercise his God-given privileges; if big politics would cease representing the selfish interests and honestly legislate in the interests of the whole people; and if big clergy would divorce themselves from big business and politics, honestly and faithfully represent the Lord and preach the message of His kingdom as commanded; and if the people would heed such sound advice and refrain from violence, the great battle of Armageddon would be averted and Messiah's kingdom established without great suffering.

Roger W. Babson, accredited confidential spokesman for big business, says: "Labor is beaten. It fears capital. Now if we have anything to sell to the American people, we know how to sell it. We have the schools. We have the pulpit. The employing class owns the press. There is practically no important paper in the United States but is theirs." This is why certain newspapers refuse to publish the truth, especially when stated by Bible Students.

Labor says: "We will not yield to the employing class. Our wives and children are hungry. We have produced the wealth of the world and are entitled now to a reasonable subsistence. If you will not give us work to earn our bread, we will not get in the breadline, but we will go and take the bread."

These two mighty forces are moving in opposite directions with grim determination. The result is inevitable. They are gathering to Armageddon.

The farmer finds himself discriminated against by the ruling factors, and his disposition is becoming anything but sweet. The retail merchant, who depends upon the common people for his living, is likewise becoming more dicontented.

Added to these is a great army of unemployed ex-soldiers in America. When the World War came the preachers of the unholy alliance, in utter disregard of the teaching of Jesus and the apostles whom they claim to represent, preached the boys into war. They said: "Go to war, and if you die upon the battlefield, you will be a part of the vicarious sacrifice of the Saviour"—well knowing when they said it that they were lying. When some layman Christians, with real zeal for the Lord and His teachings, expressed an opposition to the shedding of human blood, these same preachers helped to prosecute and send the layman Christians to prison.

Many of the American boys who went to war now sleep in the dust of France. Others have returned. When they went to war, big business said to them: "Your jobs will be waiting for you when you return." But when they returned their jobs were gone, and many of these boys are now compelled to sleep in parks and in jails and to beg for a crust of bread.

The political wing of the alliance made laws to compel the soldier boys to go to war. When they returned and asked these same lawmakers to pass a law granting each soldier a small bonus, big business first replied. "The business of the country will not permit of a bonus to soldiers." Politicians answered. "The financial condition of the country is such that we cannot give a bonus to the soldiers; besides, we should not make such a precedent for future times."

The preachers say to the boys: "Servants, obey your masters: and remember your patriotism."

These boys asked for bread and receive a stone. They cry for meat and receive a serpent.

The Constitution guarantees the freedom of speech. When it is invoked to protect the liberties and lives of citizens who honestly desire to follow the teachings of Jesus and therefore refuse to shed human blood, the Constitution is ignored and nullified. When the ex-service man asks for a bonus on which to feed himself and children until he can get himself a job, the Constitution is invoked to prevent it. The soldiers are asking why.

The war produced 23,000 new millionaires and 600,000 pauper soldiers who fought for their country. The soldiers are asking why.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Some of my readers are wanting to know what I think about the League of Nations.

Well, I have expressed my opinion a good many times, but it won't hurt anything to soak it a few more licks.

So here goes:

A real league of nations must come and will come. And it cannot be far away.

But it must be a righteous league. It must not be a military alliance of a few of the plutocratic powers for the purpose of oppressing enemy nations and robbing the rest of the world.

Such is the Wilson League. It is built upon selfishness and depends upon brute force for its very existence. It is dominated and controlled by a few of the big Allied Nations, and its only object is to hold with bull-dog grip every selfish advantage it can get.

The forgiving and healing spirit of Christ has never entered into its calculations for a moment.

For instance, it wants its enemies to get humble and submissive, willing to be cuffed around like dogs and never utter a whine, but it is not willing to get humble and submissive itself. According to its arrangements there must be a big side and a little side to everything, and the Wilson League wants to be the big side, strutting and boasting, and lording it over the prostrate forms of its conquered subjects.

That will never do.

The only way to get true peace in the world is for all nations to get humble alike.

There must be a clear recognition of the fact that the war brought no victory to any nation, but that they were all ten times worse off afterward than before.

The nations must get willing to see and admit that all their big swell-headed plans have failed, and that some method entirely different must be adopted.

The Disagreement Conference at Washington is another half-hearted attempt to dodge the issue and to gain selfish advantage for the Big Ikes.

Even the Hughes proposition, good as it is, does not go far enough—not half far enough. It still hangs to the old notion of balance of power—military power—brute force.

But even at that, it goes farther than some of the other plute nations are willing to go—France and Japan in particular. The thing cannot be put through without a compromise which will destroy what little good there is in it.

The hang-taked pin-headed statesmen will have to learn that the way to quit is to quit.

They can't sorter quit and sorter not quit.

It may be that the world will get lessons out of these attempts and failures which will result in a real honest-to-goodness agreement among the nations a little later.

It must come and it will come. Universal disarmament and peace is the surest thing in all the world. It is even now knocking at the door. But my notion is it will take us three or four years yet to get the door open and let it in. If the present crop of statesmen cannot learn sense enough to do the job right, they will have to be kicked aside and let some body to it that has got sense enough.

A new publishing concern is advertising a set of correspondence lessons on "Nerve." They have got it.

Says the Raleigh News and Observer: "World War veterans are strong for the Wilson Foundation for several reasons. For one thing, they know better than most people how terrible war is, and"—and—and—I suppose they want to honor the "czar" who drove them into it. Looks kuris to me.

Attorney General Dougherty gave Debs some "advice" as to how he should conduct himself in the future. Well, I do say! And I seem to remember that the Roman and Jewish officials used to give Paul advice as to how he should conduct himself. Lord, Lord! The littleness and the contemptableness of it!

The churches of Athens, Georgia, have been advertising themselves in the newspapers, and the big head-line of the advertisement says, "GO TO CHURCH, THOU FOOL." Haw-haw-haw! Thats a good one. But I 'just wonder how they knew that nobody but fools would be interested in their orthodox preaching.

A SERMON ON "HOLINESS"

Now if any of you people want to have a jeeminy-fit before this sermon begins, just crank away. I will gladly wait till you get through.

I'm waiting.

But nobody seems inclined to throw a fit, so I'll begin.

Yes, that's what I said. Holiness. I find that in some sections the subject of "Holiness" is agitating the people, and somebody might be interested in what I have to say about it.

The word "Holiness" as I am here using it refers to these people who claim that they can live and do live absolutely sinless lives here in this world. They claim to be just as perfect and sinless as Jesus was when he lived here among men.

Now I believe everybody ought to be just as good as they possibly can, and there is no danger of any of us getting too good. But I think we ought to be sorter careful how we boast of our goodness. Boasting is a sin to start with, and people who are really very good are never boastful. Instead of making themselves tiresome to everybody by going around telling how good they are, they just quietly go about doing their duty and not saying much about it. They are willing for their daily lives to bear witness as to how good they are, and they would be the last people in the world to boast about it. If a man really could live a holy and sinless life, his neighbors would soon discover the fact without him telling it.

But still there are people who seem to think it is their duty to set themselves up as equals of Jesus, claiming that they are absolutely perfect and holy and do not sin at all.

Well, they lie, and lying is a sin. That alone is enough to knock the socks off of all their pretended holiness.

And now let me go a little deeper into the thing and show you WHY a man of Adam's fallen race cannot live an absolutely holy and perfect life in this dispensation of the world.

Here's why:

Adam was created a perfect human being, and he was put on trial in a perfect Eden to see if he would STAY perfect. He was given his choice of obedience and eternal life or disobedience and death.

Please get this fact well settled in your mind and don't forget it: Adam before the fall was just as perfect and holy as Jesus Christ. And he COULD have remained so. But God made him a free moral agent in order that he might take whichever course he preferred. You see if God had made him so that he COULDN'T sin, it wouldn't have been one bit of credit to him that he remained holy. Because you see he would have had no choice in the matter and could not have done otherwise. But after being made so that he COULD sin, THEN if he had stood the test and remained holy it would have been some credit to him.

But we know the perfect Adam didn't hold out very long. Here came the temptation and the holy man fell for it just like a rednosed prohibitionist grabbing at a quart bottle.

Well, what then?

He was no longer holy.

He had become a sinner and had fallen under the condemnation of death.

Now get this:

Adam had begotten no children previous to his fall. All of his children were born AFTER the fall—after he had become a sinner. No other member of the race started life with the same advantage that Adam started with.

Do you get that?

Then try another one:

If Adam, who started life as a sinless man, could not REMAIN sinless, then how do you expect any of his sinful children to climb back to perfection and live holy lives?

It cannot be done.

We are plainly told that the whole human race was condemned to death because of Adam's sin, and there wasn't a human being on earth who could redeem the race out of death. That would require the life of another perfect man, and there wasn't any.

Now, if some of Adam's children had been born BEFORE the fall, and supposing that they didn't take a bite of the forbidden apple along with Dad and Mam—why, then they would have been on the perfect plane and might have stood a chance to stay there. In that case they could have started another race that was not under the sentence of death.

But since they were all BORN under the death sentence there was no one to get them out.

That was just exactly the reason that the Son of God had to leave the glories of heaven and take upon himself the form of a man—in order that he might STAND THE TEST which Adam failed to stand, and afterward to sacrifice his holy humanity to buy back the life of Adam's race.

Perhaps you never thought about it in that way, but it is a fact that Jesus COULD have sinned. He had all the temptations that Adam had, and possibly more. Satan seems to have just tried himself in tempting Jesus. But Jesus was man enough to stand out against every temptation and live a holy life. If he had made one little compromise with Satan—if he had just stuck one tooth in the apple of sin—it would have been Good-morning John with him. His power to save the world would have been gone in a flash and he, too, would have been numbered among the sinners.

But we are thankful today that Jesus was not the failing kind. He stood every test and came off more than conquerer. Thus he proved his worthiness to serve as a substitute for Adam, and his ability to pay the debt that Adam owed.

If it had been possible for any member of Adam's race to climb back to perfection, then he could have done all that Jesus did, and it would not have been necessary for Jesus to come at all

The human race had 4,000 years in which to produce a holy man before Jesus came. But it didn't produce him. And God knew that fallen humanity never would produce a holy man, else He would not have made the supreme sacrifice of His Only Begotten Son.

It is true that when Jesus came and redeemed the race he started an absolutely new thing that never had been heard of before. He opened up an offer of a spiritual or heavenly kingdom in addition to the earthly kingdom that the prophets told about. He begun to select a "Bride Class" to be composed of a little flock of faithful followers. That class, even in the present human condition, will live such devoted lives they will not WANT to sin, and such sins as they DO commit through the weakness of the flesh will not be set down against them as sins. They will have IMPUTED to them the holiness of Jesus, and in HIS merits they will stand approved. God is a reasonable God, and when a man does the very best he can under the circumstances, he will not be condemned.

But please remember that when you are getting through on the merits of Jesus, you are not getting through on your own merits. That makes a big difference.

DEBS IS FREE

Eugene Debs is free, but the peanut politicians who imprisoned him are not free. What is more, they never will be free until they get down in the dust of humiliation and ask God to lift the terrible burden of guilt from their benighted hearts. They are the fellows who are guilty of crime—the low-downest, blackest and most inexcusable crime that was ever committed by men in high authority since the crucifixion of Jesus Christ.

And please understand that this belated release of Debs does not atone for the crime of his imprisonment. There was a time when Harding had a chance to do a great deed—a deed that would have covered him with glory and won for him the lasting esteem of all good people. That was the day he entered the White House. If he had been big enough and brave enough to order the release of Debs as his first official act as president, he would then have been entitled to a degree of credit which he cannot claim now.

After nearly a year of bluffing and stalling, after nearly a year of listening to the war jingoes and the "patriots for profit," and then reluctantly doing a duty that he could have done and SHOULD have done the very first day—seems to me like that isn't anything to brag about nor to be honored for.

And so I say the Harding administration has forfeited all credit for a deed that might have covered it with glory.

After the release of Debs from the Atlanta prison, his trip to Washington and from there to his home in Indiana was one long and glorious ovation. Every where throughout the journey the stations and the streets were packed with cheering multitudes. It was a strange demonstration to be given a man who has been in prison as a "criminal." An eye-witness to the whole thing has declared that only one other man in modern history has received such an ovation from the people. That was Woodrow Wilson when he went to Europe after the war closed to make peace on the terms of his famous "fourteen points." Wilson had made great promises of what he would do over there—how he would liberate the suffering and bleeding masses of the world and bring home a peace treaty that would be built upon justice and right. The common people all over the world believed in Wilson then, and the bleeding millions of Europe welcomed him as the saviour of civilization.

But Wilson went over there and betrayed his trust and came home discredited and dishonored.

But there is one man who has been put to every test, and who has NOT failed. Instead of betraying his friends and selling out to the enemy, Eugene Debs was willing to go to prison for what he believed was right, and for what everybody now KNOWS was right.

That was the test.

And Eugene Debs proved himself a man. He proved to the world that he would not betray his friends. That he would not sell out. Nor whine. Nor beg. He has proved in a most convincing way that he is WORTHY of the people's confidence and love.

That is why the prisoner's journey home was a triumphal march.

That is why 25,000 people were packed around the railroad station of his home town to give him a greater welcome than any president ever received. Banners waving. Bands playing. The whole city in tears of joy at his home-coming.

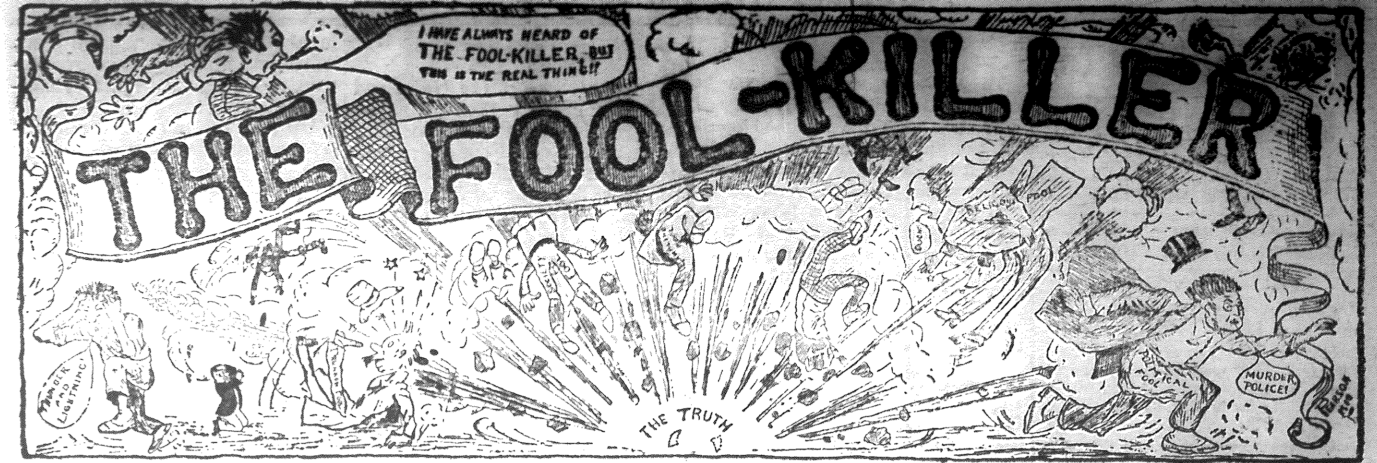
A strange way to welcome an ex-convict.

I saw something in the paper today about Otto Kahn. Well, I didnt think he could', but maybe he Kahn.

"BLUETS and BUTTERCUPS"

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor.

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.



Volume XI. Boomer, North Carolina, March, 1922. Number 12.

A FEW LITTLE DURNS.

In writing this thunder—
These sermons and rhymes—
I have to think "dammit"
A good many times.
But since that is cussing,
A fellow soon learns
To make out with only
A few little durns.

In reading the papers
And watching the mess
The leaders are making,
And all the distress,
I get so durn fretted,
And tickled in turns,
I just have to let out
A few little durns.

No matter how fretted
And angry I am,
I always remember
To never say dam.
But, oh, when my spirit
With righteous wrath burns,
I need in my business
A few little durns.

The durn politicians,
And sky-pilots, too—
The leaders of fashion,
And all the durn crew—
The gait they are going
Most fittingly earns
The impressive rebuke of
A few little durns.

Just "durn" isn't cussing,
In moderate use—
No more than a snow-bird
Is part of a goose.
When used by a man who
For righteousness yearns,
I hope there's no harm in
A few little durns.

Dear reader, be patient—
I know it sounds rough;
But I am the fellow
That's writing this stuff.
I know what is needed
In these-here concerns,
And you must allow me
A few little durns.

You can't change the devil into a saint by sprinkling holy water on his tail.

PEACE IS A GREAT THING NOW

Gee-whillikins!

Talk about quick-change artists!

But you just ought to look at the hang-taked plute preachers.

During 1917 and 1918 every doggon D. D. in the country was out whooping his blamed head off for the war. He went about preaching "patriotic sermons and telling the people what a "holy" cause it was and how they must go and fight and die for it.

Yes, fight!

Kill!

Slay!

Butcher!

It was God's will—so they said.

The command, "Thou shalt not kill," was forgotten.

The Prince of Peace was forgotten.

And if any man dared to stand up for the principles of Jesus, the confounded preachers were the first ones to yell, "Crucify him!"

It was awful what a bad thing peace was in those days.

But now look!

And listen!

From every gilded pulpit in the land comes one continual monotonous stream of hypocritical peace talk.

Well, I don't object to peace talk.

I wish there was more of it.

But what I want to know is—why didn't these same mealy-mouthed "servants of God" talk that way four years ago?

If peace is a good thing now it was a good thing then.

You know why.

They were confounded sneaking cowards, and hypocrites as well. They wanted to stand in with the Big Ikes in order to save their own fancy hides. They didn't have the courage to stand with Jesus and go to jail with Debs.

But now when the tide has turned, and it seems to be popular to talk for peace—Je-rusalem!—what peace advocates the dear old D. D.'s are!

Most reverently and prayerfully I say it—

Durn such preachers!

THE ROMAN MUD-GOD

They have had another big spree over in Rome. And right here is just as good a place as any to tell you about it.

You know they keep a little deputy god over there to tell the Creator how to run the universe, and to forgive the sins of good Pappycrats who want to play hell and pay for it.

This little deputy god claims that he has all power on earth and in heaven, and even tries to exercise authority as far away as Texas.

The Pappy of Rome is always an old dried-up bachelor, so skinny and ugly that he looks like the running-gears of a witch. But they let him live in a palace bigger and finer than Solomon ever dreamed of, and he could hire Rockefeller to tote holy water to wash his infallible hoofs. And when he takes a dip of snuff the pappycrats all over the earth begin to sneeze like their blamed heads would come off. All of which seems to prove that he is the real tar baby that Saint Peter found in the woods.

But just a few weeks ago this powerful assistant deputy mud-god of all creation woke up one morning with a dark blue pain in the central hemisphere of his night-gown, about half-way between his infalibility and his appetite.

And now, Mister Madam, if you want to know what happens when an all-powerful mud-god gets a pain in his old fermented belly, you just ought to have been there. In less time than it takes to tell it the whole hill was working alive with pappycrat doctors, each with his hamper-sack full of Punk Powders for Pale Popes, and all ready to insert their little funnels and pour double-distilled desolation into the belly of a groaning god.

It must have been a curious sight. There lay an old skinny man who claimed to have all power on earth and in heaven, and yet he didn't have power enough to manage his own gut-works and keep from getting sick. And there at his gilded bed-side stood forty or fifty goat-whiskered M. D.'s all trying to keep the old feller out of the grave.

"Power" indeed! As well might a doodle-bug claim that he could operate a coal-mine.

There probably wasn't much the matter with the old codger at the start. A big dose of salts and a 48-hour fast would very likely have straightened him out all right. But the doctors kept on pumping dope into him till they finally straightened him out—on a plank. I have a strong suspicion that they just filled him so full of medicine that he busted. But after he was dead nobody could tell that he looked any more powerful than any other dead man. They cut a few big fandangoes around him and hauled him off to the bone-yard. Thus ended the career of Rome's great deputy-god.

But the stars kept their places in the heaven. The sun continued to shine. The "end of time" didn't come. Which was all very strange in view of the fact that the earth had to do without a deputy-god for nearly a week before the cardinals could get their god-factory started and make another one. It must be a fact, after all, that there is a God somewhere else besides in Rome who has something to do with running things. And it causes heretics like me to wonder if the world wouldn't have rocked along just the same if the cardinals had never got another pope made.

I believe it would.

But the papycrats were not willing to risk it, nohow. They got the holy oil can and oiled up their god-factory, then poured a lot cardinals into the hopper, and one of them came out a brandnew deputy god, looking just as infallible as a fodder stack.

So everything is all hunky for awhile longer, I guess—till this one gets a pain in his belly.

Miss Winifred Stoner, the "wonder girl" who speaks twelve languages, has just been married to a Frenchman who speaks seventeen languages. There is sure to be trouble. If they can't find anything to quarrel about in one language they are mighty apt to in another.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA.

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In Clubs of Five or More,	15 cts.

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TAKE NOTICE

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

Reduced Rates

Well, folkses, I have decided to risk my chances on putting The Fool-Killer back to its old price. Print paper is still costing me twice as much as it did before the war; but the general trend of prices is downward, and I want to give my readers the benefit of all possible reduction, because I know times are hard and money scarce.

So please tell everybody you see and send word to the rest that they can now get The Fool-Killer again at the old price—25 cents for a single subscription, or 15 cents each in clubs of five or more at one time.

Now please rush in the subs like you did in the old days, and I'll do my level best to keep 'em awake.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this rag of reform.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor, and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will, and that settles it.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, N. C.

WHERE IS CAIN?"

Theologians generally have taught that man is a trinity—body, soul and spirit—and that the soul and spirit act and think independently of the body, thus causing confusion in the understanding of God's word.

A writer whose name is unknown has composed the following lines on the subject, which illustrate the difficulties encountered by those who hold to the foregoing view:

Is man so great a mystery as theologians teach?
Possessing other entities the eye can never reach
The outer man of dust was made, in which they all agree,
And in this house there dwell a soul and spirit, making three.

By this arrangement, don't you see, a triune man appears,
Mysterious as the three-one God who centers everywhere;
For in the outer man there dwells the mystic man, the soul,
Also a third, the spirit man, which makes the compact whole.

Soon, body man returns to dust, the spirit man to God,
The soul man down to hell is cast to writhe in fire and blood;
So must Cain for six thousand years in these conditions dwell—
One Cain in dust , one Cain with God, the other Cain in hell.

NO FEBRUARY PAPER.

Well, honey, if you wanted to get a February Fool-Killer as bad as I wanted to send you one, I reckon we are both purty badly disappointed. I did everything in my power to get it ready in February, but couldn't quite make it. This is the issue that I intended for February, but thought it might as well be dated for March. It don't matter so much about the date, nohow. The "juice" is what counts, and here it is. Drink it.

WHO WILL BEAT IT?

Listen, folks! Here is something interesting. My club-raisers have started a race to see who can send in the biggest club of subscribers to The Fool-Killer. A few weeks ago Rev. Wm. J. Davis, Ozark, Ark., sent in a club of 50 with $7.50 to pay for them. That was the biggest club in two years, but it didn't hold the record very long, for right on the heels of it came a club of 72 with money order for $10.80 from Andy Clementz, of Highland, Ill. I already had a big list at that office, and now with 72 more added, I feel safe in saying that from now on more Fool-Killers will go to Highland, Ill., than to any other postoffice in the world. Who will be the next to break the record? Remember I am not giving any premiums for big clubs. I have put the price of the paper so low that I can't afford to give premiums, but hundreds of people enjoy getting up big clubs just for the fun of it. Now just best yourselves and see who will be the next to head the list.

"THE ELIXIR OF LIFE."

The Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer of Feb. 11th prints an editorial headed, "Has the Elixir of Life Been Found?" And it goes on to tell about a wonderful new discovery in biological chemistry which the men of science have made in connection with certain ductless glands in the human body. The editorial does not undertake to explain the discovery, and neither shall I, because that would require expert technical knowledge. But even the average reader is interested in knowing that a new sensation has been sprung and that the whole world is talking about it. We common folks don't care so much about what it IS, but we would like to know what it proposes to do.

Well, to state it briefly, they claim to have discovered that these little ductless glands in the body possess a hitherto unsuspected power of rejuvenation. Something can be done to them that will cause them to actually work miracles, making old people become young again, making young people stay young and supplying wonderful powers of endurance. It really begins to look like the secret of life has been discovered, and that it will soon be possible for people to live on and on without growing old. Even the natures of people can be changed to such an extent that a notorious criminal might be suddenly transformed into a good citizen.

Dr. Louis Berman, Associate in Biological Chemistry, Columbia University, has written a book on this wonderful subject, and the New York Times Book Review of Feb. 5th gives it a half-page notice in which some very startling facts are brought out. It says that this discovery about the glands is not one of the wild-eyed theories that often flash up and die down, but it has actually been tested out enough to prove that it does work. All the scientific world is beginning to sit up and take notice.

And that brings us to another point. Two or three years ago the International Bible Students Association began to announce that millions of people now living on the earth will never die. They didn't base their claims on any scientific discovery, but only on Bible prophecies and time measurements derived therefrom. All this "ductless gland" sensation has sprung up since that announcement was started. But I just want you to stop and notice how beautifully they fit together. The Bible Students were walking by FAITH only, and they didn't know just how the thing would be brought about. But we now begin to see that it may come in a perfectly natural way as the result of increased knowledge among men.

I think we will discover as we go on into the Golden Age that a great many things which we have always thought would come suddenly and supernaturally will in fact be brought about in this perfectly natural way. After all, that is more reasonable, more interesting, and easier to understand.

Hurrah for biological chemistry and the ductless glands!

THE RADIOPHONE.

Well, all right. Now about two minutes will be enough for the Radiophone. And then if you want more you can ask for it.

The Radiophone, my dear honey-bunch, is the latest development of the Wireless. The inventors have been working on it for years and had met with a good deal of success some time ago, but the thing is just now beginning to reach the people.

Several of the large cities now have powerful wireless telephone sending stations—broadcasting stations they are called—and they are continually sending out all kinds of entertainments, music, lectures, sermons, etc. Every night of the world these things are going out thru the air for thousands of miles in every direction. And in the day time, too, for that matter. The air over your head is pulsing with words all the time.

And now for the price of a good mule you can have an instrument in your own home which will enable you to hear all the noted speakers, lecturers, singers and entertainers in the big cities. These things will come to you through the air no matter where you are, and you can hear every word clear and plain, although you may be two or three thousand miles away from the speakers. All this will cost you absolutely nothing except the small expense of buying and installing the instrument.

Now what do you think about that, Hiram?

Can you let such things as that go on around you every day and still fail to see that a new and wonderful age is dawning?

Man, wake up! You are now living just in the dawn of a wonderful New Age. The Radiophone is just one of the signs of the times.

Incidentally, it seems that the army airships have developed a healthy habit of junking themselves. You remember the ZR-2 not long ago. And now down goes the "Roma" at Langley, Va., killing 35 men and crippling several others. Well, if men won't learn to stay out of the infernal things they will just have to go. You hardly ever hear tell of a civilian airship being wrecked or exploded. Think about that.

President Hardtimes wants to postpone the bonus measures till some more favorable time. Yes, doggon it, and I expect lots of the poor fellows who died in France would have been glad to postpone THAT till some more favorable time. But you probably remember that when the plutes wanted the boys to go off and suffer and die it had to be done right then. There was not any postponing in the case.

BILL JIM HEARD FROM.

Away back yander when I first started The Fool-Killer—about 1910 I reckon it was—there was a college-foundered cuss by the name of William James. But I called him Bill Jim for short.

Well, I remember that this feller Bill Jim got awfully carried away with "Spiritism," and he said that if he ever lived to die he was going to come back and tell his friends on this side of the dark river all about how it was over there—what they had to eat on Sunday, and what kind of clothes the ladies wore when they went to a dance.

Bill Jim was fully convinced that it could be done, and he was the very doggon rascal who was going to do it.

Well, just a little while after that, Bill Jim ate too big a mess of spiritual cabbage and died with the headache in his belly.

On that occasion I wrote and printed in this paper a piece of 18-karat humor headed. "Look Out For Bill Jim." I expected his ghost to come in on the next train and hire a pill-box to lecture in, while his spiritual jim-swinger coat-tail flapped in the pale sickly moonlight of American ignorance.

But I waited and waited.

And still I waited.

But no Bill Jim.

Not even a wireless postal card to tell which way he went.

That was years ago.

Time passed on, and I had almost forgotten about Bill Jim.

But just this week I see in the papers that he has been heard from. I find this chunk of clabbered information in the book review department of a daily dope dispenser sometimes mistakenly referred to as a newspaper:

"For immediate publication the the Duttons announce a book that is sure to attract much attention and cause lively discussion—nothing less than a series of messages purporting to come by means of automatic writing from the late William James, and said to be a remarkable religious document. There is an introduction by Edward S. Martin, author of several volumes of essays and poems, who considers favorably the authenticity of the book, and quotes from an article by the famous psycolgist shortly before his death to show what James himself came to think about automatic writing. The work will be called. "The One way." Jane Revere Burke is the medium through which the writing was done, and she supplies a preface which describes the circumstances under which the book came into being. It was privately printed for her friends, but aroused such interest as demanded wider publication."

The poor idiots!

Any fool publisher who will waste his time over such a pack of nonsense ought to be took out and lynched with a spider web and buried in a rabbit track.

Not being allowed to say anything worse than darn, I can't do this subject justice, and so I shall not say another word.

Let's change the subject.

HERE'S THAT "ANSWER."

Well, boys, I got 'er and she shore is a peach. I mean that "answer" from the Moody Bible Institute. I knew perfectly well that they wouldn't even attempt to answer the questions, and I didn't much think they would make any reply at all. But they did. And here it is:

Chicago, Illinois,
Feb. 17th, 1922.

Mr. James L. Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.
Dear Sir:

I have your letter of Feb. 10th containing a large number of questions.

Permit me to say that many of these questions cannot be answered by any human being. Only a few of them bother people. The writer has been a minister of the gospel for many years, and a majority of the questions you ask he has never heard; they are evidently peculiar to yourself. Almost all the questions are inconsequential, that is, they are not questions that are fundamental to salvation or a well-rounded grasp of truth. Most of them are highly speculative, and for us to attempt to answer even a small part of them would take much time without satisfactory results, and as our time is altogether taken up with matters of present and practical importance, we cannot try to answer them. We are very confident that we cannot send you "satisfactory and convincing answers" to many of the questions, and are quite sure that we do not "know enough to teach you anything."

As the conditions of your consideration of a course with us cannot be met, we will take your card out of our prospective list. We are very sorry not to be able to give you a course, but your conditions make it impossible. If you could enroll with us, as many thousands of very intelligent people are now doing, and take our work as they are doing it, we would be greatly pleased. We are not at all indifferent to your interest in the truth and in spiritual things, but you shut the door against us.

Very sincerely,
J. H. RALSTON

Gee!—but ain't that a corker? Did you ever read such a pitifully helpless confession of ignorance in all your life? You people who read the questions can appreciate the joke. He says many of the questions cannot be answered by any human being. Of course they can't—from his old orthodox view-point; but if he would open his eyes to the truth he would soon see that the answers are easy.

He has never heard most of the questions before, and thinks I just hatched them up out of my wild imagination. Well, what if I did? They are reasonable and proper questions just the same, and I think several thousand of my readers will back me up in that assertion.

Furthermore, Mr. Ralston thinks they are "highly speculative and not essential to a well-rounded grasp of truth. Wrong again. They are not "speculative" at all, and they certainly are essential to a well-rounded grasp of truth. The poor fellow was simply "up against it" and had to put up some sort of an excuse for not trying to answer the questions. Suppose about fifty thousand of you Truth people write to Mr. J. H. Ralston, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill., and tell him a few things.

NEW FASHIONS FOR THE CHURCH

Just hush your fuss!

Don't tell me any more that the "church" isn't making progress. Of course it may be progressing toward the devil, but most of the modern preachers seem to think it don't make any difference which way the church is headed just so it is on the move.

I see that the pastor of the London Tabernacle, Dr. Newton, has been urging that men and women should have the privilege of smoking cigars, cigarettes and pipes in church while listening to the sermon.

How here's the way I look at that . If they were hearing a sermon that was worth listening to they wouldn't need to pass the time by smoking. But the average sermon of today is such a silly and tiresome thing that it isn't any wonder the hearers need the soothing comfort of Lady Nicotine to help them endure it.

And so if Dr. Newton wants his congregation to act like a barn-lot full of calves just before weaning time, I reckon there's no use for me to object.

But, oh, suffering toad-frogs!

Just imagine a big congregation of fine ladies in church with about enough clothes on to make a pair of leggings for a snow-bird, and just watch them lean back cross-legged, throw their heads back, and squirt smoke out of one corner of their drug-store complexions like they were trying to start a little hell of their own.

And then imagine the preacher standing there in front of that mess and straining his eyes to catch glimpses of his congregation, and his voice trying to bore holes through the smoky air like a steamboat ploughing through a fog.

After going through such an experience, if there was any real Christianity in the house it would have to be washed with home-made soap, fumigated with sulphur and sprinkled with carbolic acid.

And then I see it stated that some western slang-whanger of a preacher doins has turned the iinside walls of his church into a bill-board to be used for advertising purposes. And he has offered the rich business men of his congregation a certain amount of advertising space on the wall in exchange for a certain amount of money. They can advertise anything from automatic praying machines on down to cigarettes, moonshine likker and gambling dens. It don't make any difference what they advertise just so they pay for the space and keep the church treasury full.

Imagine yourself in a church like that. Walk along the aisles and gaze around you. It would look like an over-grown street-car with every kind of worldly trade and occupation staring you in the face, and if there was any preaching worth hearing a feller couldn't keep his mind on it—he would be searching the walls for bargain offers where he could get a fifty cent shirt for a dollar, or swap a two-hoss appetite for a mess of boiled cabbage.

Yes-sir-ee-bob! The churches are getting up to date. They are putting on some modern style these days.

Well, the old dead things want to fool themselves into believing that they are still alive, and I reckon such methods will do as well as any.

PEARSON'S POEMS.

Two months ago I told you about my trunk full of home-made poetry, and asked if you would like to have about 17 bushels of it poured into your think-boxes through the columns of the Fool-Killer. About a baker's dozen said yes, and about 25,000 didn't say a blamed word about it. So I judge that the majority of my readers are not hankering after poetry as a regular diet. For that reason I have thought it advisable to not run the whole collection through the paper as I had figured on doing. So much of it might not suit the readers as well as the regular line of Fool-Killer dope that I have been handing out.

I'll just drop in a few sassy rhymes now and then to sorter flavor the rest of it, and then I'll put my regular big collection of poetry in a book so that anybody can buy it that wants to.

I am now having the type set for the poetry book, but it is an awful big job, and it may be several months yet before I get it finished and ready for delivery. But you folks who have pledged to take a copy of the book, don't get out of patience—you shall have it before 1922 passes into history. Whoop up the subs for The Fool-Killer, and that will help me to rush the book. All these things require money and a heap of it. Now hurry. Help me twist the devil's tail till he squeals.

Wonder if the Disagreement Conference paid its cigar bill before it left?

"Free Ireland" seems to be just another name for a free fight.

The Republican bosses want to put the boys off till they all perish to death, and then they won't need any bonus. Great idea!

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

We are getting so used to great wonders here of late that they don't cause much excitement any more, and some of us just go ahead taking them as a matter of course and not thinking what they all mean.

One of my jobs as editor of The Fool-Killer is to keep you reminded of the fact that all these great new wonders coming in so fast have a collective MEANING. They are not just happening in a sort of off-hand, hit or-miss way, and liable to stop or go back the other way at any time.

No sir! I call your attention to the fact that it is a continually increasing thing — continually forward and never backward; continually greater and never less.

When man first went about on the earth, he walked. A little later he captured a wild horse and rode him barebacked. Then he invented a saddle. Then he invented a cart with wheels and hitched it behind the horse. By and by the two wheels became four wheels and it was a buggy or wagon. But for long ages the horse was used to draw the vehicle. It was only a few years ago that the horse was turned out to graze and the buggy began to pull itself. Even we who are yet young can remember the time when there was no such a thing as an automobile. Then it came, and it was clumsy and undependable. But did it go away? No—it stayed. And it grew and developed from its clumsy beginning into the rapidly moving, graceful and almost human thing you see today. It grew in numbers from a scattering one here and there until now nearly every family has its car.

Do you see any sign of the world going back to Shank's hosses or to the dog-cart?

No, indeed.

The movement is always in the other direction. The automobile will be further improved until within a few years it will be as far ahead of what it is now as it is now ahead of what it was 20 years ago. It will be run by electricity or some power yet to be discovered, and it will be as noiseless as a stolen kiss, and just about as sweet.

Take another example—the art of making books and other reading matter. For many long centuries it was the slow process of copying by hand. Then somebody conceived the idea of using movable type. But the type had to be set by hand (some of it is set that way yet) and the printing had to be done on an old clumsy wooden press. Yet it was a great step forward. After the first real printing was done with type nobody ever thought of going back to the old way of copying books by hand any more. Time went on, and the printing press evoluted from the clumsy wooden hand press to the great humming cylinder book and magazine press and the marvelous newspaper web press of today. Typesetting machines were invented, and the printing trade has become one of the wonders of the world.

Always forward, you see. Always a bigger, better and more perfect way of doing things. Call it Evolution if you want to.

The same thing has been true of the development of the railroad train. First a little clattery junk box that went six miles an hour; now a great roaring train of palace cars that can go sixty miles an hour.

Take photography, and you have the same story over again. Our grandpaps used to get their "beauty struck" on a tin-type, and they had to sit primped up looking like a scared rabbit for about five minutes, till they would often take the cramp in their noses and have to holler for help. But today the camera gets you before you have time to wink, and the kodak is everywhere. The moving picture man can snap you about sixty times in a second.

Yes, and that reminds me of the movies — there is another wonder of the world. Started off sorter poorly, but soon found its gait and went on towards perfection. Now one of the biggest industries in the world, and getting bigger. Old satan is now using it to a large extent, but it will soon be taken out of his hands and used for a better purpose.

And the phonograph is the same old story. I remember the first ones. You had to put two rubber tubes in your ears, and by close listening you would hear a noise that sounded like a mammy rabbit singing her baby to sleep. Today no person twenty steps away can tell my New Edison from a human voice.

The telephone—look there again. The very same story of a small and crude beginning, followed by great development. The latest thing in that line is the radiophone—the wireless telephone. It is just now beginning to reach the people. In a separate article in this paper I am telling you more about the radiophone. Be sure and read it, because it fits right in with the line of thought we are now on.

I could mention the flying machine and many other modern wonders, but there is no use to take up time. The world is full of them, and the history of one is practically the history of all: A small, crude beginning, a slow start, then a speeding up, a gain of momentum, and a great rush onward. The very fact that they have gone as far as they have is proof that they will go on. No possible chance for them to stop and turn back. The big river never stops and flows back towards its starting point and becomes a little stream again. Remember that. It will help you to see that this stream of modern wonders MUST flow on and get still bigger and more wonderful. You can't think of what it will be in the future without realizing that it will be an absolutely different world.

All these great changes in the things that people have to live among and deal with every day must inevitably change the people. Environment makes the man, and race environment makes the race. The people of today who use automobiles, telephones and typewriters, read newspapers and go to the movies —they have different thoughts from the people who lived in caves and fought wild beasts with clubs. And the different thoughts create different brain cells, and the different brain cells in turn create still more new ideas and inventions. All of which tends to lead the human race farther and farther away from its old way of living.

The secret of it is that the people are being mechanically and mentally equipped for the glorious and happy life of the New Age—the kingdom of God on earth—which is now dawning.

It would be too big a calamity for the human race to be deprived of the advantage of all these things which it has worked out for itself through long years of struggle. God is not going to require that such a sacrifice be made. These things will not be lost nor destroyed. They will remain, and others will be added, and they will all be brought to greater perfection.

But there will be one or two exceptions. We can all see that the science of GOVERNMENT is not making the rapid strides of improvement that all the other sciences are making. Neither is present day RELIGION making the progress toward enlightenment that it ought to make. This is because the present systems of government and church organizations will NOT be preserved and carried over into the New Age. They have served their purpose and will be destroyed or changed so as to not be the same No use to improve the things that are not to be carried over. See?

Is it a surprising thought to you that people will use automobiles and telephones in paradise? Do you find it difficult to realize that printing presses and cotton mills will operate in the kingdom of God?

Well, they will, anyhow.

And if you are expecting to be a citizen of that wonderful kingdom you just as well be getting used to such thoughts.

"CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING."

It just beats the very Old Scratch what a fuss the farmers are making here in the South about "Co-operative Marketing," The cotton and backer farmers have organized and "signed up" and all agreed to a plan of "co-operative marketing" which they say will cut out, the middlemen and speculators and save the growers many millions of dollars.

And that's all right. It is a mighty good thing, and they ought to have done it a long time ago.

But the thing that gets my goat is why these same cotton and backer farmers will have a jeeminy fit and want to bite your head off if you say anything about Socialism. If they have got the sense of a three-legged louse they know that their scheme of co-operative marketing is nothing else but practical Socialism applied to their own business. And if it is good for one kind of business, why wouldn't it be good for other kinds of business?

Their idea seems to be that they must have the advantage of co-operation themselves, but they don't want other workers to have it. They want to ride, but they want everybody else to walk.

Now I could have a little more sympathy for these "oppressed farmers" if they would be willing to open the doors and let all kinds of labor come in on the co-operative basis.

But they won't do it.

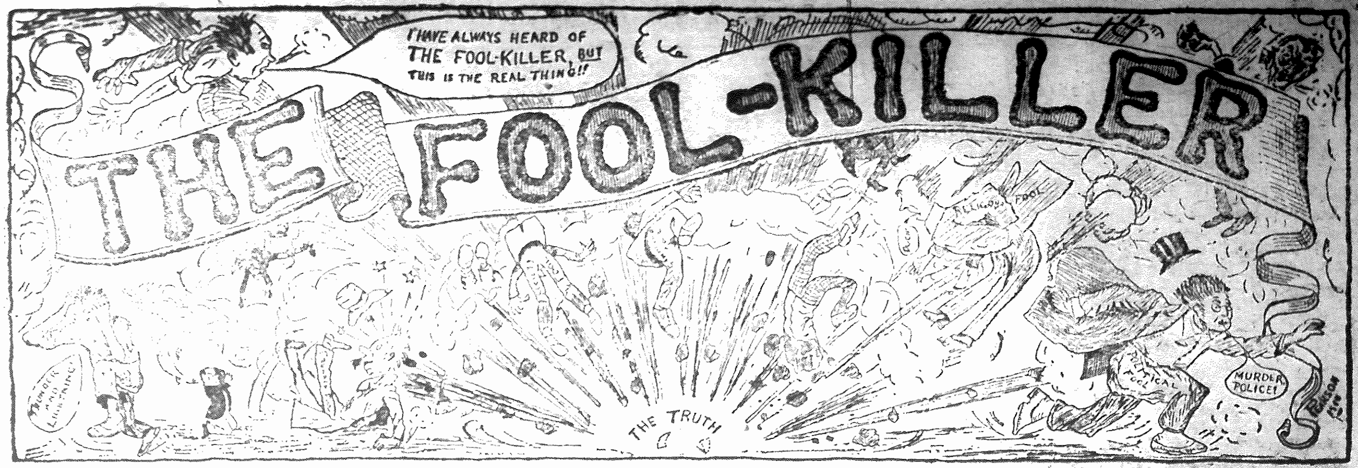
If you want to make a "co-operative farmer' 'have a fit, just tell him that he is practicing Socialism.

It wont take him more than two seconds to snap your head off and run with it.

"BLUETS and BUTTERCUPS"

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor.

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.



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THE APRIL FOOL ISSUE.

Since this is to be an April-Fool issue, I hardly know where to begin with my chin-music. There is danger that I will make it either too wise or too foolish, and you know just a little too much of either would plum spile it.

It ain't as easy to get up all this wise foolishness and solemn fun as you might think it is. Just try it for about twelve years and you'll see.

Every month for the past twelve years and more I've had to stand on my head and kick holes in the air to amuse fifty thousand readers. It looks like I would have been bald-headed by this time, but I ain't. The same auburn locks that decorated my dome of thought twelve years ago are there yet. Which shows that hair and brains can sometimes live together in peace.

The Fool-Killer is a good deal different from other papers. Anybody that reads it one time will agree to that. And mere difference in style isn't the only difference, either. For instance, other papers have at least two or three men (and sometimes a dozen) that they can depend on for the mental juice to fill their pages. But in this-here editorial joint there is nobody but old Pearson to keep the hopper full. If my personal supply of fool gab runs out the mill has to stop. Well, it has been running for more than twelve years, and it ain't stopped yet. There is not, never has been, and probably never will be any other man who can just exactly fill the bill for Fool-Killer stuff. Several have tried it and failed. Two or three have even started "Fool-Killers" of their own and tried to steal my thunder and my fame, but they couldn't tote it even after they got it in the sack.

And I reckon that's why it happens that old Pearson is still the only and original "Fool-Killer Man," with a perfectly clear right and title to the name and all the glory that goes with it.

Furthermore, I have learned a few things during these twelve years. It has not all been fun and foolishness by any means. There has been a lot of serious thinking mixed along with it. I consider that my mind has been broadened and my little bit of education rounded out in a way that it never would have been except for this experience.

The Fool-Killer led me first into Socialism, where I stopped for awhile; and then it led me beyond Socialism into the greater field of Bible Truth which has been gradually opening up for all who are willing to see. In other words, when I started The Fool-Killer I was a blind man trying to lead the blind. But in a very short while I got my political eye open and discovered Socialism. That was all I could see with just one eye, and it looked to me like the only thing that the world needed. But two or three years later I got my religious eye open and discovered something still more wonderful. I still agree with my Socialist friends that the world is in the middle of a bad fix and must have help or perish; but I now see that Socialism alone and unaided cannot save the world. There is help coming from another source which the Socialists are not yet aware of. These are times of prophetic fulfillment. God is working out His Divine Plan, and there is no guess-work about it.

And now, honey, if The Fool-Killer has helped you as much as it has helped me, I know you don't begrudge the few little dimes you have spent to pay for it.

Now I must trot along.

Be good.

I sometimes sit down to my desk on Sunday and spend a large part of the day writing copy for this paper. And some of the goody-goods come around and tell me I ought not to work on Sunday. Well, why not? Other preachers write and deliver their sermons on Sunday, and I'm just as good a preacher as any of them. So why can't I write MY sermons on Sunday, I'd like to know?

Genoa nuther "conference" was just now getting tuned up?

TIME AND ETERNITY.

I have just been reading an article by a man who talks about 'the end of time" and says we are now "right on the edge of eternity."

People who make such statements as that do not stop to consider how it sounds.

The "edge of eternity."

Where would that be?

It would certainly be right at one end or the other of eternity. It would be just before eternity begun or just after it ended.

But reason and common sense ought to teach us that eternity never had a beginning and will never have an end. Therefore it never did have and never can have an "edge".

You can mentally locate yourself at any point in eternity, and you are no nearer to the "end" or "edge" of it than you would be at any other point.

Some people seem to have a fool notion that there are TWO eternities—an eternity of the past and an eternity of the future, and they think our little slice of TIME has just been spliced in between these two eternities and does not belong to either of them.

That's all nonsense.

There is but ONE eternity, and it reaches all the way, without any break in it. The thing that we call time is not something separate and apart from eternity, but it is just the little section of eternity that we happen to be occupying. If we had been placed a million years earlier that section would have been "time" to us, and the section we now occupy would have been the eternity of the future.

So you see it is ALL time and ALL eternity. There is no difference, except in a relative sense.

Suppose you take an ordinary day and pick out a certain hour in it. Would you claim that the hour was not a part of the day? For instance, from nine o'clock to ten o'clock this morning is an hour, but isn't it a part of the day as well? Certainly it is.

And yet there would be just as much sense in cutting out that hour and saying it was not a part of the day as there is in cutting out what we call time and saying it is not a part of eternity.

Now listen:

If part of eternity is made out of time, don't you suppose it all is?

Certainly.

I am trying to show you that time bears the same relation to eternity that the hour bears to the day.

The day is made out of hours, and any hour in the day is an hour just the same. In like manner, eternity is made out of infinitely multiplied sections of time strung out end to end. Time is the only thing eternity could be made out of, and so if time were to stop, eternity would have to stop too.

Next time you hear anybody talking about the "end of time" you might call their attention to this.

"THERE'S A REASON."

You may think I am trying to be silly and light-minded, just because I manage to sift in a little fun and nonsense.

But you are barking up the wrong tree again.

This is a very serious paper, and it is trying to go to the very bottom of all the deep problems that now vex humanity.

But in order to keep the folks cheered up and in a fit humor to receive the Truth, I some times indulge in a little harmless fun.

I get letters nearly every day saying that my dope reaches and convinces people who would not receive the truth from any other source.

Well, I am glad of that. And it proves that I am not wasting my energy. Even if I did nothing more than to make people laugh I would consider that I had been of some service. But I want to do more than that. I want to have some part in opening the blind eyes of the people and teaching them the great truths about the change of dispensations and the New World that we are now entering. It is all so plain to me that I don't understand why anybody can fail to see it.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
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TAKE NOTICE

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Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

Reduced Rates

Well, folkses, I have decided to risk my chances on putting The Fool-Killer back to its old price. Print paper is still costing me twice as much as it did before the war; but the general trend of prices is downward, and I want to give my readers the benefit of all possible reduction, because I know times are hard and money scarce.

So please tell everybody you see and send word to the rest that they can now get The Fool-Killer again at the old price—25 cents for a single susbcription, or 15 cents each in clubs of five or more at one time.

Now please rush in the subs like you did in the old days, and I'll do my level best to keep 'em awake.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this rag of reform.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor, and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will, and that settles it.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, N. C.

PARAGRAPHS.

They are trying to make the Pacific stay that way.

A "holy war" is the most unholy thing that ever was.

When a vessel is about to sink it unloads. England is unloading.

"Bonus" seems to be the rock that is going to split the old Republican ship.

I'll bet the Republican leaders wish the word "bonus" had never been invented.

The Disagreement Conference came in like a super-eight studhoss and went out like a lousy calf.

The soldier boys say, "Bonus," and Congress understands them to say, "Bone us," and so it tosses them a bone.

It is said that Rzeschewski is going to make a name for himself. I don't blame him—he certainly needs it.

Europe wanted the music, but now she don't want to pay the fiddler. I guess she ought to have the fiddle busted over her head.

They were going to junk some battleships. Yes, and they were going to hang the Kaiser, too. But has anybody seen Kaiser Bill swinging to a rope? What about it?

They say that the new Pappy of Rome is a great student. What? A student, and him a god? Looks to me like a god who was worth his salt would already know everything.

If we are to believe the newspaper reports, more people have died in Russia during the past three years than ever lived in all the world. Where does Russia get so many people?

A man by the name of Work is now Postmaster General. What blunders the Hardtimes administration does make! This man Work ought to have been Secretary of Labor.

The Rochester Times-Union, discussing the world's financial tangle, thinks "the world will blunder through to a settlement." Blunder is right. It hasn't done anything else but blunder lately.

France and England are having them a jolly disagreement conference over the recognition of Russia. Sorter like two toad-frogs quarrelling over whether the rain is wet or not.

A bunch of bankrupt nations are going to hold an economic conference" at Genoa this month, and the only nation that's got any money will not be there. Sorter like a convention of old maids trying to reform the marriage system.

A SERMON ON "BLACK WALNUT."

Jevver eat any walnuts?

Huh?

Jevver get your daddy's old claw-hammer and your mammy's flatiron and scrooch up in the chimney jam on winter nights, cracking walnuts till bed time?

Well, I have.

And it's purty good pastime, too, if you don't eat enough to make your tummy hurt.

But that ain't what I started out to say. Just wait a minute, till I get a good grip on the tail of my text and I'll tell you something else about black walnut.

I have just had the honor of planting my peepers on a very wonderful piece of literature sent out by the Forestry Division of the North Carolina Geological and Economic Survey.

Please turn your head to one side and put a funnel in your ear and let me pour in about three cusses' worth of the government's good black walnut juice. The piece is headed, "Plant Black Walnut," and then it goes on to tell why. If your nose is as good as mine you can smell powder in every line:

"In earlier years large amounts of black walnut were cut in North Carolina, both for local use and for shipping beyond the boundaries of the State. During the war the whole country was diligently searching for walnut and many people patriotically gave up even the few trees they had reserved for the production of nuts and for shade and ornament near their dwellings. It was then that the true value of this tree became generally known. Its unique position as the only wood eminently suitable for GUN STOCKS and airplane propellers was demonstrated. Even now a substitute for these purposes has not been found. The growing of this timber for commercial uses has, therefore, a permanent place in forestry and in farming. All land owners can grow a few trees or a few hundred trees with advantage, knowing that for the wood as well as for the nuts a market can readily be found when the trees are large enough for cutting."

Uh-huh!

I see, said the blind man.

It was "during the war" that there sprung up such a great demand for black walnut timber. The Government had never taken any interest in black walnut until it wanted the timber to make GUN STOCKS and airplane propellers.

Yes, gun stocks.

Yes, airplane propellers.

Things to use in war.

And now they want everybody to plant walnut trees and raise more timber for gun stocks.

What does it mean?

Why, confound it, can't you see?

Or do you have to be knocked down with an idea before it can penetrate your skull?

The idea is that the bosses want more war, and they want to be ready for it. And they are even looking ahead to future generations and planning for gun stocks that they think will be needed then. There is a close connection between the little boy baby in the cradle and the little walnut tree just planted. They will grow along together, and it will take them both several years to get big enough to be useful in war. But when the boy gets grown the tree will be big enough to make a gun stock for him to tote, and the nice business of war can go merrily on.

Of course the tree might be sawed up into plank to make a coffin for the boy when he gets killed in the war.

But that will never be. Walnut wood is too valuable to make coffins to bury dead soldier boys in. Just any old cull pine or chestnut will do for that.

But nothing except black walnut is good enough for GUN STOCKS.

Plant walnut!

Raise gun stocks!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

But wait a minute—

Long before the walnut trees planted now will be big enough to make gun stocks, old man Satan and his war business will be out of a job.

We are entering the Golden Age, when there will be no more wars.

Did you know that?

PARAGRAPHS.

Howdy, Mister Wise Fool, how is your wisdom patch looking this spring? Has it got any blossoms on it yet? The common garden variety of April Fool ought to be in full bloom by now. If you ain't blossomed yet there is something wrong. Maybe these prohibition times have caused you to get too dry. Go and stand in the branch.

England and France cannot pay the eleven billion dollars they owe to the United States, because they need the money to keep up big armies and prepare for more wars—to make more debts that they cannot pay. Great wisdom! Fine business!

The children of Israel are back on the job, and old Pharoah had to come, too. Why are so many of the ancient institutions coming back all at once? There is a deep meaning back of it all. Think it out, and quit being to blind.

The "peace advocates" at Washington agreed to junk a few things that have become obsolete for war purposes. But they didn't junk the submarine, the army airplane and poison gas. It reminds me of the crippled man who gave away his shoes because he got his legs cut off.

The senate gets more brazen all the time. It did finally expel Lorrimer, but it lets old Huckleberry stay in. And old Huckleberry spent more money on his election than Lorrimer did. Gee-whiz! Goodnight!

JUDGE IVES IS AFTER ME.

My good friend, Judge Ives, of Lake City, Fla., has undertaken to rake me over the coals for saying in this paper that Jesus was a spirit being in heaven before he was born of Mary. I have just received from the Judge a very blunt note which reads in part as follows:

> "I cannot find anywhere in my Bibles where Jesus was a spirit being in heaven, or knew anything, until after he was born in Judea. Stick to the Seed Promised Eve and Abraham. Read Rev. 22:16 and let Jesus teach you who he believes himself to be. My Saviour was nobody until he had a body."
>
> W. M. IVES.

Well, Judge, you are older than I am, and lots wiser than I am in some things, but I am persuaded that you still have a good deal to learn about your Saviour. I know you Adventist people deny that Jesus had a pre-existence, but it seems to me that the scripture proof is decidedly against you. I am afraid you have not searched your Bibles very carefully, and so I shall take the liberty to point out to you a few scripture references that you may have overlooked.

Many scriptures agree in saying that the Father SENT the Son into the world. Where was he SENT from? Can that which does not exist be SENT?

God sent His only begotten Son into the world.—1st John 4:9.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God.—John 1:1.

And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.—John 1:14.

Here we have proof that the same Word (or Logos) which was with God in the beginning, was later made flesh and lived on earth as a man.

John bare witness of him, and cried saying, He that cometh after me is preferred before me; for HE WAS before me.—John 1:15.

For I came down from heaven, not to do my own will, but the will of Him that sent me.—John 6:38.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven.—John 6:51.

What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before?—John 6:62.

Before Abraham was, I am.—John 8:58.

Abraham had been dead two thousand years at the time this was spoken, and yet Jesus says very plainly that he existed before Abraham. Shall I believe Jesus? Or shall I believe Judge Ives?

I am from above.—John 8:23.

For I proceeded forth and came from God.—John 8:42.

He that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man.—John 3:13.

Father, glorify me with Thine own self, with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was.—John 17:5.

If he did not exist prior to his birth in Judea, how did he have glory with God before the world was? A non-existent thing could not be glorified nor have glory attached to it in any way.

Though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor.—2nd. Cor. 8:9.

Now, Judge, as an able attorney-at-law, do you know any way of assigning riches to a non-existent being in such a way that it will be rich BEFORE IT EXISTS? I think a job like that would puzzle even a great lawyer like yourself. And yet the scriptures plainly teach that Jesus was RICH long before he was born in Judea, and for our sakes he became poor. His being born as a human child in Judea was a step DOWNWARD for him, because he was entering a life much lower and humbler than the life he had previously lived.

Yes, Judge, I still stick to my original statement that Jesus was a spirit being in heaven before he was born of Mary. The testimony that he did exist in some manner is too strong to be doubted. And since he had not yet been made FLESH, what else could he have been but spirit?

You surely will not dare to deny that there are such things as spirit beings. What kind of a Being is God, the Father Himself? Do you contend that He has a body of flesh, blood and bones like ours? My Bible says He is a Spirit.

And if there is a personal devil, has he got a body of flesh and blood? Nobody has ever seen it if he has. And yet we see plenty of evidence of his work and influence all over the world. How does Satan manage to get about over the world and do so much devilment, and yet nobody ever see him? Because he is a spirit being, invisible to human eyes.

There are good spirit beings and bad spirit beings. They are real individuals, each with a conscious entity and personality, and no doubt they can see each other, but we cannot see them with our human eyes.

But now be careful!

Listen to me!

Don't you go off and say that Pearson is teaching immortal-soul-ism—that human souls can get out of the human bodies and go off somewhere and live right on same as ever. I am not teaching anything of the sort.

I don't believe that human beings have any separate souls that can get out of the body and continue to live.

In fact, I KNOW they don't.

That talk is all bosh.

But listen!

Get it right!

A HUMAN being is ALL human, and when it dies it is ALL dead.

A SPIRIT being is ALL spirit, and is complete without any flesh body to live in.

Jesus was a spirit being before he was MADE FLESH, and God worked a miracle to change him into a human being. Notice the words "made flesh." The spiritual being did not come down and GET INTO a body of flesh. Not that. The identical same entity which was spirit before was changed into flesh, so that the spirit no longer existed. While Jesus lived in the world as a human being he was just a human being and nothing more. But he was a perfect human being, like Adam was before he sinned. Then after he was put to death in the flesh he was changed back to the spirit nature again, and is now a spirit being of the highest divine order. Jesus has no human body now. He has a glorious spirit body. Saul of Tarsus was the only human being that ever saw Jesus as he now is.

You remember Saul got just one glimpse of him, and it knocked him down and nearly put his eyes out. He never did get over it as long as he lived.

This subject is too big to handle in one short newspaper article. I have not said half nor a forth what I wanted to say about it, but I see that I shall have to stop for this time.

'RAW FER HAYS!

Hooray!

Throw up yer old hat!

Yell yer shoes off!

The Great American Movie is going to be saved.

Will Hays is going to do it with his little three-cornered mouth.

It seems that Will found the Republican party a little too nasty for his little scrub-broom, and so he began to look around for some other hell-bent enterprise that needed a salvation plaster applied to its western hemisphere.

And lo, there was the Movie, just drawing its last breath and waiting for somebody to come along and pour the saving grace into it.

All hunky.

Just watch.

Will Hays' ears are just in the right shape for funnels, his nose would make a good jug-handle, and his mouth is a splendid fly-trap. So when it comes to handling the saving grace and keeping the flies out of it, the little dried-up deacon is right there with the goods.

In all seriousness it is announced that Will Hays is going to clean up Moviedom.

Well, maybe so.

We'll see.

But if he does there won't be anything left but a hole in the ground and the smell of burnt celluloid.

The Great American Movie has got so rotten that it will have to be cleaned up with dynamite and a garbage wagon. It could be a great and useful institution, but in recent years it has sunk so low it would have to slide up hill to get into perdition.

If Deacon Hays can clean up the movies, I will then suggest that he go back to Washington and try one more time to clean up the Republican party.

HENRY FORD IS DIFFERENT

Henry Ford is about the only millionaire on earth today that the common people have any respect for. All the knocking and abuse he gets comes from the other millionaires who are jealous of him. They used to poke fun at Henry, but he has grown and developed so fast in recent years that he has got the other poor little rich men thoroughly addled and bewildered. They don't know what move he is going to make next, and they don't know which way to jump to get out of his way.

Henry is now said to be the richest man in the world. He has passed old Rocky D. Oilyfeller and gone on. And yet it is a strange thing that nobody has ever accused Henry of getting his wealth dishonestly. It used to be said that no man could get even a million dollars in a lifetime and get it honestly. But Henry Ford seems to be an exception to that rule. He has got over a billion dollars, and has done it in seventeen years. Yet it is plainly evident that his getting of wealth has been only incidental. He has been a great public benefactor. He has furnished work for multiplied thousands. He has paid the highest wages ever before known, and he has never had any strikes and labor troubles in his shops. He has been a trail-blazer for the New Age, and the business world MUST learn to follow in his steps. His influence on industry in general has been so great and so good that he has richly earned his billion. He has earned the respect and even the affection of the toiling masses, for no other man of great wealth has ever taken sides with the workers. Nobody will object if he gets forty billions. I sometimes wish that he owned the whole bloomin' government, and I ain't so sure but what he will some of these days.

All this talk about purifying the horse-race is rank folly. What we need is some method of purifying the human race.

"BLUETS and BUTTERCUPS"

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor.

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.

Boomer, N. C.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

In a Baptist denominational paper called "Charity and Children," published at Thomasville, N. C., I find a somewhat rip-snorting and rebellious article written by one A. G. Melton of Rowland, N. C. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Melton usually wraps himself up in a "Rev." when he goes off from home, but for some reason he was not wearing it on this occasion.

Mr. Melton's article is headed, "Whither Are We Drifting?" and it goes on to take a very pessimistic view of the world's spiritual condition. Mr. Melton seems to think the world is getting no better very fast—in a spiritual sense, at least. He warns us against the professional optimism of the day as voiced by many of the denominational spouters. In all of which, of course, he is entirely correct. But as he goes on and gets warmed up and gets the ink to flowing in his fountain pen a little better, he cuts at least one caper that shows him to be just about as unreasonable as the other Reverend D. D.s. He impresses me as being an honest man who has got one eye partly open and sees so much cussedness in the world that he is afraid to open the other one.

As he peeps out from under his half-closed orthodox eyelid and gets a glimpse of the present world, here is how it looks to him:

> "And when we stop to think and look beneath the surface of things, we are made to wonder seriously if we are not living in those last days expressly mentioned by the Apostle Paul. Does it change the spiritual decline to assert that the world is getting better? Not one iota. The man who points out our error and faithfully rebukes us for our sins is wiser than he who overlooks our error and praises our righteousness. And in my opinion, the task of the first mentioned will increase as the days go on as long as the world stands."

The above quotation is a general mixture of truth and error, but the man hasn't got his eyes open enough to know it. He has got a sort of hazy suspicion that MAYBE these are the "last days" spoken of by Paul, and he gets just a little glimpse of the PROOFS, but not enough to make him sure of anything. The thing IS TRUE, of course, and some of us have known it for a long time, but this man thinks he is about to discover something that nobody else knew about. That shows his ignorance, because if he would open both eyes wide open and look the TRUTH square in the face, he could have known all about it long ago. He makes a bad blunder when he comes to talk about how it will be "as long as the world stands." It would be interesting to have him tell us what he thinks the "world" is, anyhow, and how long he thinks it will stand. He is probably talking about the "earth," and he thinks the earth will be destroyed—blotted out of existence—when the "end of time" comes. That is what they all think, and that is what gets them so badly balled up. They have never read the scriptures that show how one "world" after another comes and goes, but that the "earth" abideth forever.

Now I would feel sorter bashful about butting in on Rev. Melton and pointing out his errors in this way if it were not for the fact that he has virtually invited me to do so. In the above quotation he says:

> "The man who points out our error and faithfully rebukes us for our sins is wiser than he who overlooks our error and praises our righteousness."

I am glad Mr. Melton said that. It gives me the privilege of correcting some of his blunders, and at the same time obligates him to consider me wise in doing so. He says it himself, and he can't afford to get mad and go back on his own word.

But here comes another quotation from Mr. Melton's article, and now I suspect the fat is going to be in the fire sure enough. But never mind the fat, nor the fire either. My job just now is to point our Mr. Melton's error and to rebuke him for his sins, and if he don't like it, he has a mighty poor way of helping himself. Now here he goes again. Listen:

> "There never was a time perhaps in the history of the world when there were so many heresies and isms. They are almost countless. I can almost hear their rattling teeth as I mention them. Their venom is broadcast over the earth, and they are fast devouring this superficial age. Hear these frightful names; Russellism, Eddyism, Spiritism, Unitarianism, Mormonism, Socialism, Bolshevism, Materialism Rationalism, Agnosticism, Atheism, Evolutionism —and what not? Is the devil not walking to and fro and up and down in the earth now?"

He certainly is. And most of the above indictment against the "isms" is true. The fatal blunder was made when he included in his list of dangerous isms at least one that has no place in such a list. Russellism—the first one on his list—is the direct opposite of all the rest, unless we make an exception in the case of Socialism, which is purely temporal and political and does not concern itself with religious matters, except incidentally. For that matter, some of the others are temporal, too, but they are all direct enemies of Russellism. There is no other movement on earth today that is fighting Spiritism, Materialism, Atheism, etc., so hard and so effectively as Russellism is fighting them. If Mr. Melton is really opposed to that list of dangerous isms, why does he also denounce the one movement that is fighting them harder than any other? The answer is easy—simply because he does not know what Russellism is. He has heard it denounced by others who were just as ignorant about it as he is, and so the ignorant prejudice against the dangerous name of "Russellism" is spread and propogated in other ignorant minds. And nowhere along the line do they take the trouble to inform themselves.

I was once that same kind of a fool myself. I started out to denounce "Russellism" in this paper years ago. But the recoil from the first article was enough to open my eyes. I learned that I was butting into something bigger and better than I had ever seen before. I had been taught to believe that Charles T. Russell was a very wicked man, and that his teachings were as dangerous as a rattlesnake. But I discovered to my great surprise that he was the safest sanest theologian that has lived on earth since the days of the apostles. I saw that his system of teaching gave a reasonable and satisfying answer to all the difficult questions of theology that I had stumbled over for many years.

And so I think it would be a good idea for Mr. Melton to revise his list of dangerous isms, by cutting out Russellism and substituting Immortal-soul-ism, Eternal-torment-ism, Go-to-heaven-when-you-die-ism, and so forth. They are the isms that are doing more harm than all the others put together.

If Mr. Melton wants to find a full and complete answer to his qusetion, "Whither Are We Drifting?" I advise him to get the set of books called "Studies in the Scriptures" written by Charles T. Russell—and STUDY them week after week and month after month until he knows what they contain. Right there he will find the answer to his question, and he will not find it anywhere else. He can get the entire set of seven volumes in nice cloth binding for only $3.70, by addressing the Watch Tower Bible & Tract Society, 124 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, New York.

THE SKIDDOO SAM.

A subscriber sends in the following up-to-date version of the 23rd Sam. I don't know where it originated, and you may have seen it before. But it is too good for anybody to miss, so I am going to print it and pass it along:

Harding is my shepherd, and I am in want.

He maketh me to lie down on park benches, he leadeth me beside the free soup-houses.

He restoreth my doubt in the Republican party, he leadeth me in the paths of destruction for his party's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of starvation, I do fear evil for thou art against me; thy policies and the profiteers, they frighten me.

Thou preparest a reduction in wages before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my income with taxes, my expenses runneth over my income.

Surely poverty and unemployment will follow me all the days of this "normalcy administration," and I will dwell in a rented house forever.

BRITISH EMIRE FALLING APART.

"A New King on Pharaoh's Throne" is a headline in The Literary Digest of April 1st. And so old Egypt has suddenly stepped out from under the thumb of John Bull and declared herself a "Free State" like Ireland. Which means that the Egyptians are now free to fight among themselves instead of fighting the British.

But the point is that the British Empire is falling apart. Just yesterday it was Ireland that got her freedom—such as it is. To-day Egypt cuts loose from the British apron-string and ses up on the throne of the Pharaohs a new king whose name sounds like pouring buttermilk out of a jug.

The next one to hear from will be India, which is already seething with revolt and starting a rough house.

And the strange part of it is that old Mammy England is giving them up almost without a grunt. In fact, she seems to be sorter glad to get rid of them.

What does it all mean?

Can't you guess?

THE OLD GOOSE'S EGG.

You remember that old goose known to Fool-Killer readers as the Disagreement Conference. She made her nest in Washington for three months, and did a terrible sight of cackling, and finally laid six or eight little warty looking eggs which she called "treaties."

Then the old goose flopped off the nest and went waddling back to Europe, leaving the setting and hatching job for the old congressional hen.

Well, the old congressional hen has been setting for about two months on the Four-Power Pacific Treaty Egg, and finally it has hatched out a four-legged political gosling with two heads and only one eye, and such a bad case of "Flu" that it can't fly.

After the congressional hen got the thing hatched out she sent it over to the senatorial hen to be suckled and raised. But the senatorial hen put on her specks and looked at it awhile and shook her head.

"Put that thing back in the egg and hatch it over again," says the old senatorial hen.

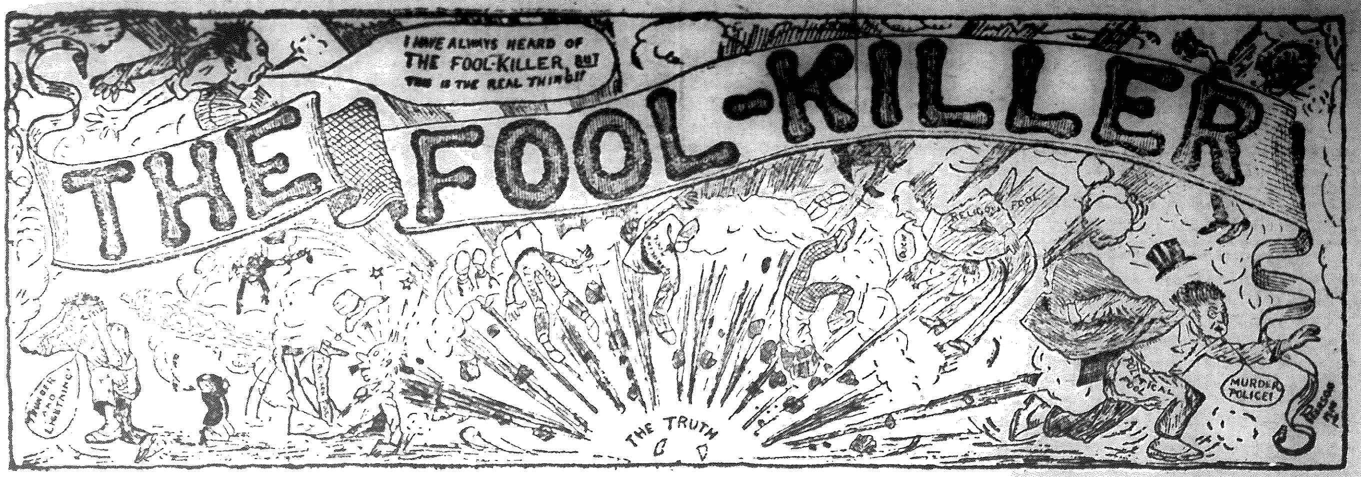
And the latest news from Washington is that the old congressional hen is trying to put the four-legged gosling back into the egg.

Cluck, cluck!

Quack, quack!

Yes, quack is right.

When they begin to destroy the battleships under the provisions of the Disagreement Conference, please send me word. I want to see it done.



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TELL IT TO THE TOMBSTONES

Spook!
Spookum!
Spookalorum!
And now just look.

Sir Conan Doyle, the great British "Authority" on Spiritism, is now lecturing in these Benited States, trying to convince us that all the dead people are still alive. He publishes a new book on Spiritism about every fifteen minutes and what he don't know about the "spirit world" will make several more volumes yet.

Great is the Hon. Sir Doyle, creator of Dr. Watson and daddy of Sherlock Holmes! Standing here on the great American platform, he rolls up the sleeves of his novelistic imagination and just cackles over how nice and pleasant it is to be dead. You don't have to tote an old ugly body of flesh around with you any more, and wait on its slow motions while it eats hog-corpse and corn pone, drinks white lightning and chaws terbacker. No sir! You can just go sailing around like a radio message, or a loose piece of moonshine, and not even have to shave nor take a bath. You can slip upon people and hear what they are saying, and watch all their secret actions, and they will never know you are there.

Then if you have occasion to communicate with the living you can grab a weejy board by the seat of its breeches and make it dance Jim Crow till your pain gets easy.

My-y-y-o!

That's all very bong-swong.

But then, after telling how nice and pleasant it is to be dead, he winds up with a terrible warning against the sin of suicide. People don't die—and yet they mustn't kill themselves. That's curious to me. If people don't die, and can't die, what does mere suicide amount to? It is only getting rid of the old hull so they can go sailing on to the spirit world and learn more than they ever knew before. Why should Doyle object to that? Looks to me like he is sorter inconsistent. If it ain't right for the poor suffering souls of this miserable world to hurry off to that wonderful place he tells about, then it ain't right for him to set the temptation before 'em. He ought to be arrested and hand-cuffed to a mule's daddy and have his eight-cylinder imagination put in jail.

IDIOTORIALS.

Women are just like men, only different.

I have known lots of white men who were green.

The only way to know is to find out for yourself.

The English language is a very good language to cuss with.

The big politicians made stump speeches two years ago, and now they are "stumped."

An exchange says modern girls do not "put on." I notice they don't put on very much.

If we had many worlds like this one to go through it would just about plum wear us out.

If everybody was smart enough to live without work, who in the thunder would they live off of?

I am afraid Russia is going to turn out bad, after all. The plute papers are beginning to says nice things about her.

Doctors write their prescriptions in a dead language, and after the patient takes the stuff he is soon as dead as the language is.

When the political pot boils it seems that the scum always rises to the top. Where's the skimmer?

Doctors call their victims "patients." I guess that's right. It does take lots of patience to endure the doctors.

If people can think better when they are hungry, these years of Hardtimes prosperity ought to produce some great thoughts. Has your belly done any thinking yet, mister?

It's a mystery to me why table knives are called "cutlery." I never saw one that would cut.

The Topeka State Journal has begun to print the Bible in serial form. There is one more good opportunity for the public to not read the Bible.

Speaking of "blind faith," I'll say this much: If the people still have any faith in the old political parties, it certainly is of the blind variety.

The days come right along one after another, and we can sorter manage one at a time. But just suppose a whole week should come all at once. Wouldn't it be awful?

When the world really gets civilized it will have no use for doctors, lawyers and preachers. For that matter, we ain't got much use for 'em now, but we just have to endure 'em.

The birds don't have any politics nor any government that we know of, and yet they live happily together and always feel like singing. Ain't it a pity that people can't have as much sense as the birds?

Conan Doyle says marriages are common in the spirit world. And divorces, too, I guess. When a spiritual wife hits her spiritual husband over the head with a spiritual rolling-pin, I'll bet there's some tall spiritual cussing.

Some of the "immortal souls" that have passed on to glory have now begun to write poetry and send it back here. Oh, fudge! It's bad enough to have to endure our own poetry, much less a five-foot shelf of the devil's doggerel. Excuse me!

The secular newspapers and magazines will give any amount of space to these fellers who advocate Spiritism; but they wouldn't give me an inch of space to prove it a fraud of the devil—not to save my neck. There's your "free press" again. Poot!

If they keep on cutting down the army at the present rate it will soon be as big as it was during the war.

You can now hear wireless music a thousand miles. But you can hear a scandal further than that without any wireless.

Faith can sometimes hold on to the rope after hope lets loose and falls.

If a poor man had plenty of money he wouldn't need it. Being without it is where the need comes in.

Have you heard about the good times that have come? Well, I haven't, either. Crack away. I'm listening.

During the war the greatest American general was General Pershing. But now, after nearly two years of Hardtimes prosperity, it begins to look like General Perishing.

The Radio is too rich a field for the devil to stay out of. To be sure, he'll use every broadcasting station on earth to send out his lies.

The plute papers are now trying to sneak in a few tolerable nice things about Russia. Which makes me sorter suspicious that something is wrong in Trotskydom.

"Patriotism" is a word that used to be honored and respected, but it has been keeping such bad company here of late that nearly all good people are ashamed of it.

They say this is the wireless age. Well, they have been digging around old Nineveh and Babylon a good deal and they haven't found any wires there. So that must have been a wireless age, too.

Some of the weather-prophets are predicting a cool, damp summer. Very likely. There seems to be a considerable coolness among the people toward the old parties, and there will be enough moonshine likker to produce dampness. So there you are.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
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Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

Reduced Rates

Well, folkses, I have decided to risk my chances on putting The Fool-Killer back to its old price. Print paper is still costing me twice as much as it did before the war; but the general trend of prices is downward, and I want to give my readers the benefit of all possible reduction, because I know times are hard and money scarce

So please tell everybody you see and send word to the rest that they can now get The Fool-Killer again at the old price—25 cents for a single susbcription, or 15 cents each in clubs of five or more at one time.

Now please rush in the subs like you did in the old days, and I'll do my level best to keep 'em awake.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this rag of reform.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor, and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will, and that settles it.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, N. C.

THEM QUESTIONS AGIN

In the January issue of The Fool-Killer I printed a list of questions which I submitted to the Moody Bible Institute, of Chicago, and in the March issue I printed the M. B. I.'s "answer." The "answer" was just a plain confession of ignorance. The wonderful "teachers" of the M. B. I. just simply fell down on the job and didn't TRY to answer the questions.

But the questions as printed in The Fool-Killer have created great interest all over these Benited States. Nothing else that I have printed in a long time has called forth so much comment. Many readers have requested that I print the questions again, giving my own answers to them. So I have decided to revise the list of questions somewhat and reprint them with my answers. Since the M. B. I. "teachers" declare that the questions cannot be answered by any human being, we'll just show 'em. Here we go:

Q. 1.—Was the Garden of Eden on the earth or up in heaven?

Ans.—On the earth. The exact location is not known for certain. Some people now claim that it may have been at the North Pole, and you would be surprised at the proofs they are able to give. I may write a piece about that some day..

Q. 2.—Was Adam created mortal or immortal?

Ans.—He was created mortal.

Q. 3.—If Adam had not sinned, would he ever have died?

Ans.—No.

Q. 4.—If he had not died, he would have lived forever, and wouldn't that have proven that he was immortal?

Ans.—No.

Q. 5.—Is there a difference between living forever and being immortal? In other words, can a person live forever and never die, and yet not be immortal?

Ans.—Theoretically, yes. The word "mortal" does not necessarily mean that a person MUST die. It only means that he is in a state or condition where death is a possibility. The mortal is getting his life from an outside source—from God who IS immortal—and just as long as the mortal continues to get that supply he will live. On the other hand, IMMORTALITY means a state or condition where death is an impossibility. The immortal being has life within himself and does not have to depend on any outside source of supply. Until after the death and resurrection of Jesus, God the Father—Jehovah God—was the only immortal Being in the universe. But since his resurrection, Jesus the Christ is also immortal, having life within himself. And the overcomers of the gospel age—the members of the Bride Class—are also promised immortality.

Q. 6.—If Adam had not sinned, and thus brought death upon himself, where would he have spent his endless life? Would he have lived forever in the earthly paradise where he was placed, or would he have developed wings and flown away to some place beyond the stars called heaven?

Ans.—He would have spent his endless life as a human being right here on this earth.

Q. 7.—Did Adam and his race lose an earthly home or a heavenly home?

Ans.—They lost an earthly home.

Q. 8.—If Jesus Christ came to restore that which was lost through Adam's fall, what will he restore?

Ans.—He will restore an earthly home.

Q. 9.—Was Adam a human unit—a single individual—or was he two individuals in one?

Ans.—He was a human unit—a single individual.

Q. 10.—If Adam was composed of two parts—soul and body— which part was the REAL Adam?

Ans.—He was not composed of two parts. The REAL Adam was just Adam—the whole man.

Q. 11.—Which part was it that could think, feel, understand, and be responsible for its conduct?

Ans.—It was neither PART that could do these things, since he was not divided into parts. It was the whole man.

Some of the questions that I printed in the January issue are real questions from the orthodox standpoint, but when viewed from the standpoint of reason and common sense they cease to be questions at all.

Q. 12.—Which part was it that sinned, the soul or the body?

Ans.—When we learn that man is not composed of two or three separate parts, we see at once that the above question does not need an answer. It was the whole man that sinned, and not any particular part of him.

Q. 13.—When God said to Adam, as recorded in Gen. 2:17, "for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," which part of Adam was God talking to?

Ans.—He was not talking to any part, but to the whole man.

Q. 14.—What does the word "thou" refer to in Gen. 2:17? And in Gen. 3:19?

Ans.—In both cases it refers to Adam, the individual, the whole man.

Q. 15.—How many different penalties were passed upon Adam for his sin? Is the penalty mentioned in Gen. 2:17 a different penalty from the one mentioned in Gen. 3:19?

Ans.—They are both the same. There was just one penalty.

Q. 16.—If there was just one penalty, what was it? Does the Bible say it was death—a returning to dust? Or does it say it was an endless life of torment in a burning hell?

Ans.—The penalty was death—a returning to dust—and there was not even the remotest hint of an endless life in torment.

Q. 17.—After Adam had sinned and incurred the death penalty upon himself and his posterity, what would have been the result if no Saviour had come to redeem the race? In that event, where would Adam and his race have spent eternity?

Ans.—They would have spent eternity in the death state, entirely unconscious of anything. They would simply have been gone out of existence, nevermore to have life or consciousness of any kind.

Q. 18.—Did Jesus really die on the cross? Or was it just his body that died?

Ans.—Jesus himself died—body, mind, soul, or whatever it took to make the entire Jesus—all went into death and into the tomb. The orthodox preachers will tell you that Jesus died, and then they will turn right around and dispute it, saying it was only his body that died. Such talk is utterly devoid of reason—it is worse than foolishness.

Q. 19.—When Jesus raised Lazarus of Bethany from the dead, where did Lazarus come from—down from heaven or out of the tomb?

Ans.—He came out of the tomb.

Q. 20.—If the real Lazarus had been in heaven four days, and then came back to live with his sisters again, can you explain why he never told them a word about his wonderful trip and what he saw up there?

Ans.—He had not been anywhere except in the tomb. All that talk about people going to heaven when they die is just as ridiculous as to say it is dry weather when it rains.

Q. 21.—If there is an endless burning hell of torment for the wicked, who made it?

Ans.—There is not, never has been, and never will be any such a place.

Q. 22.—If God made a hell, and then employed the devil to run it for him, don't that prove that God and the devil business partners and good friends?

Ans.—If such a condition existed it certainly would prove that God and the devil were partners and friends. But such a condition does not exist, and those who teach that it does are slandering the Creator. It is nothing less than dangerous blasphemy to teach people such terrible stuff.

I could go on all day with these questions and answers, but this is enough for one dose. When I answer them myself, giving the CORRECT answers, it isn't funny as it would be for the orthodox gang to TRY to answer and get their intellectual legs tangled in their theological whiskers and fall down on the job. What we want to do is to try to force the other side to answer these questions from THEIR viewpoint—and they can't do it.

Voliva's assertion that the world is as flat as a pancake probably refers only to its financial condition.

Bryan wants a law passed making it a criminal offense for any editor to write an editorial in favor of prohibition while he is drunk. I second the motion.

Any time Lloyd George gets out of a job they can make a place for him in the movies.

"BLUETS and BUTTERCUPS"

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor.

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for April, 1922:

Editor, Managing Editor, Bus. Mgr., Publisher and Sole Owner—James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 1st day of Apr., 1922.

Mattie F. Greer, P.M.
My commission expires 192

Another Sermon on Holiness

Some time during the shank end of the winter I received a lengthy communication on the subject of "Holiness" from one of my near neighbors, Mr. Claude Carlton, of Boomer, N. C. It was intended to be an answer to my "Sermon on Holiness" in the January issue of this paper. The communication is well-written and just about as strong and convincing as anything on that subject could be. But still it is one-sided, as all such arguments are apt to be. He gives all the scripture verses he can find that seem to support his belief in Holiness, but ignores a great many that clearly teach the exact opposite.

I will first give you my neighbor's letter, and then follow it with a few remarks of my own. Here is the letter:

Boomer, N. C.
Feb. 17, 1922.

James Larkin Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.
Dear Sir:

I received several sample copies of The Fool-Killer for January, and looking over it to see if I could find anything that would interest me, I saw a piece headed, "A Sermon on Holiness." That did interest me very much, and I read it carefully. Yes, I am interested in anything of that kind—that is, anything on the subject of eternal salvation of the soul.

Holiness is a thing we must have if we see the Lord, because the Bible says, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

You didn't say a thing about what true Holiness is, in the sermon, but applied it to a certain class of people. As we differ on some things you spoke about in your sermon, I will make a reply to it, and I want you to print my letter in The Fool-Killer this month.

Now I don't believe in going around and telling that I am a good man, and that I am doing the Lord's will, specifying the good things that I do, etc., and then live an ungodly, selfish life. Of course I believe there is what you would call religious fools, not having knowledge enough to know what they are doing. But now let's get down to business. You seem to think that a man is not required to live a sinless life in this world. But listen to me: the Bible teaches that we must live a sinless life here in this present world if we are to inherit the precious promises which God has given to them that believe.

You say that some people set themselves up as equals of Jesus. Here's what I have got to say about that. I'll just put the scripture to you:

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God. But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of th cross."—Phil. 2:5-8.

Paul exhorts us to have thought about us in a way that we'll think it not robbery to be equal with God. If we are equal with Jesus, we will surely become obedient to the death of the cross, and that is what he commands us to do if necessary.

You say that a man lies when he professes to live without committing sin. Listen: If there is no man lives without sinning after he has been converted to the Truth, then there is no man going to inherit eternal life, because God's Word says, "He that committeth sin is of the devil."—I John 3:8. He says the Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil. Also Paul says in Romans 6:1-2:

"What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?"

He says in Romans 8:10:

"And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin."

And many other Scriptures I could quote on the same line showing it is out of the question to be a Christian and sin all at the same time.

As far as perfection is concerned, we are commanded to be perfect as Jesus himself. And if you don't know what that command is, it is to put on charity, which is the bond of perfection. Now you can't afford, surely, to kick against a man who believes in living a perfect Christian life. You know Jesus says, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

You spoke about Adam being perfect. Adam was perfect as far as committing sin was concerned, because he had no knowledge of sin until he disobeyed God. He had the same flesh and blood as you and I have. If he had not had, why then he wouldn't have been tempted to disobey God. So Adam was no more perfect than a little child is today, who has never come to the age of accountability. We are all Adams one time in our lives; but we must repent of our sins and forsake them, else there will be no mercy for us.

Now as to the purpose of Christ's coming to this world, in the likeness of sinful flesh, you said a few words about that, but I must say that you are sadly mistaken in your idea. Christ died for us, and in what way did he die? He died unto sin. He lived a sinless life in this world. Now listen: He is our model. He came to this world to point out a way for us to go, in order that we may be saved if we would go that way. Now I am going to prove to you that this is true:

"For even hereunto were ye called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow in his steps."

Jesus says:

"For I have given you a example that ye should do as I have done to you."

In the second chapter of First John it is said:

"He that sayeth he abideth in him ought himself also to walk as he walked."

Here is another, if we believe the precious promises of everlasting life in happiness, where there is no pain, sickness, sorrow, death, or anything like that. He says:

"And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure."

Now what are you going to say? Do not these Scriptures prove that we should live like he lived—a sinless life? They surely do. And there are many more exhortations on the same line. In Romans 3 we are told that we are not justified from our past sins by works, but by faith in Jesus. Well, do we make the law of none effect if we believe? Just believe and go on sinning? Is that it? No, by no means. He says we establish the law. In what way do we establish the law? By following in the footsteps of Jesus and doing what he tells us to do. If we do what he tells us to do, we will not sin at all.

Now just one more thing to discuss. You wrote: "God is a reasonable God, and when a man does the very best he can under the circumstnces he will not be condemned."

That statement is all right, minus the "circumstances," as there is no "circumstances" mentioned in the Bible. Paul said:

"In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

In all what things? In all the things which you included in your "circumstances."

You said that what a man sinned through the weakness of the flesh it would not be set down against him. Now let me tell you there is no provision made in God's word for the weakness of the flesh. Here is some Scripture on that:

"What the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit."

Now it says in one place (Gal. 5) that the flesh lusteth again the spirit and the spirit against the flesh, so you cannot do the things that ye would; but if ye are led by the spirit ye are not under the law. He says that the works of the flesh are adultery, fornication, uncleanness, idolatry, hatred, and the like. But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, kindness, faith, and such like, against which there is no law.

Now when our fruits are such that there is no law against them, where is the sin? There is none, for "sin is the transgression of the law." (1 John 3). Consider these points carefully, Mr. Pearson.

CLAUDE CARLTON.

PEARSON'S REPLY

Well, there it is, Mr. Carlton, and I congratulate you on your ability as a writer and reasoner. There will not be room in this paper to fully answer all you have written, and in fact some of it does not need answering. I admit to start with that you have a good deal of scripture which seems to support your view. But I also know there are scriptures which seem to teach the exact opposite, and why should we take all of the texts that we agree with and reject those that don't happen to suit us? For instance, why didn't you quote the following?:

"There is none holy as the Lord."—I Samuel 2.2.

"There is no man that sinneth not."—I Kings 8:46.

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."—I John 1:8.

"For there is not a just man upon earth, who doeth good and sinneth not."—Eccl. 7:20.

"There is none that doeth good, no, not one."—Rom. 3:12.

"For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.—Romans 3:23.

And others of the same kind that might be given. You were interested in giving the texts that supported your view, but you didn't want anything said about the texts that oppose your view. That isn't the way to do. We must learn to look at all sides and balance the evidence and see what is the most reasonable position to take.

Now let me show you something that you have evidently not noticed. The first scripture quotation you give is Phil. 2:5—8. Of course you thought that was a strong point, but you didn't know what I could do to it. Now watch me:

You quote from the old King Jim translation, which all Bible scholars today admit is very faulty, and this very passage you have quoted is one of the faultiest places in it. In fact, it is so glaringly wrong that I don't see how anybody with common sense can fail to notice it.

(5) Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

(6) Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God.

(7) But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men;

(8) And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Verse six is the bad one. Read it over again and see what idea it conveys. Then read verses seven and eight and see what idea they convey. How does the thought of being "equal with God" harmonize with the thought of utter humility and servitude expressed in the following verses? And how does it harmonize with the third verse? "Let each esteem others BETTER than themselves."

Can't you see that something is wrong? Well, the trouble is in the translation. The men who made the King Jim version were nothing but mere men, and probably not very good nor very wise men, either. Anyhow, they simply fell down on that sixth verse.

In recent years a number of new translations of the Scriptures have been made by men who were in every way better equipped than the King Jim translators. It must be remembered that all the most ancient and valuable Greek manuscripts have been discovered SINCE the Authorized Version was made. They had only a few manuscripts to work from, and none of them were more than 400 years old. But no less than 1,500 Greek manuscripts have been discovered since that, and some of them reach back to the third century A. D., and among these are the three oldest and most valuable of all—the Codex Sinaiticus, now in Petrograd, Russia; the Codex Vaticanus in Rome, and the Codex Alexandrinus in the British Museum, London. These three manuscripts are now looked upon as the "Three Great Witnesses," and they have all been discovered SINCE the Authorized Version was made.

The modern translators have had the advantage of all these ancient manuscripts to work from, in addition

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ANOTHER SERMON ON "HOLINESS."

(*Continued from page 3.*)

to their broader scholarship and better acquaintance with languages.

And what is the result?

I now have right here on my desk five modern translations of the New Testament, and I just want to show you what they have done to Phil. 2:6:

AMERICAN STANDARD:

"Who, existing in the form of God, counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped."

MOFFATT:

"Though he was divine by nature, he did not snatch at equality with God."

WEYMOUTH:

"From the beginning he had the nature of God, yet he did not regard equality with God as something at which he should grasp."

TWENTIETH CENTURY:

"Though the divine nature was his from the beginning, yet he did not look upon equality with God as above all things to be clung to."

EMPHATIC DIAGLOTT:

"Who, though being in God's form, yet did not meditate a usurpation to be like God."

Do you get the idea?

You see the whole trend of thought in all these renderings is that Jesus did NOT aspire to be equal with God, whereas the King Jim version says he DID so aspire. Here are five witnesses against one (and I could produce others) to show that the King Jim translation is WRONG. In the first place, the old reading is out of harmony with the context. It doesn't make any sense at all. But the new translations are in exact harmony with the context, which proves that they are RIGHT.

The key of the thought which Paul was trying to convey is found in the latter part of the third verse—"let each esteem others BETTER than themslves." And in the fifth verse he exhorts the reader to "let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

What mind?

The mind that will "esteem others better than itself."

Certainly.

Now if that is the kind of a mind that was in Christ Jesus, how unreasonable it is to suppose that in the very next verse he would be found making himself "equal with God."

The seventh verse carries on the thought of humility which was started in the third verse, and that thought was clearly intended to run through the entire context. Notice that the seventh verse begins with "But," and tells of something that Jesus DID do, indicating clearly that the aspiring to be "equal with God" (in the sixth verse) was something that he did NOT do.

Was Paul telling his readers to puff themselves up with pride and grasp after honors for themselves? Certainly not.

The Greek word rendered "robbery" is "harpagmos," and this is the only place it occurs in the New Testament. It carries with it the thought of robbery, or unlawful acquisition, but Paul's meaning is exactly reversed by the misarrangement of the sentence. His true meaning could be put into almost the same words, thus: "Who thought not by robbery to be equal with God."

The thing Paul was here intending to do was to contrast the course of Jesus with the conduct of Satan, who DID attempt to usurp God's position and honor. See Isaiah 14:12-14. He meant to show that the humbleness and obedience of Jesus was more commendable than the pride and arrogance of Satan. And the Apostle goes on further in the chapter and shows that BECAUSE Jesus was humble and obedient, God later did elevate him to great power and glory.

No sir, my dear Mr. Carlton, Jesus himself never did claim nor aspire to be "equal with God." He says, "The Father is greater than I." And again he says, "Of my own self I can do nothing."

The old orthodox view that Jesus was not only equal with God, but that he literally WAS God, has been the cause of a great deal of confusion. But when you grasp the truth that he was NOT God—that he was even "lower than the angels"—you can begin to understand a lot of things you never understood before.

I think you will see that this puts a different face on all your other quotations about being "holy" and "sinless." If Jesus, who really was holy and sinless, could so far sink himself in humility as to become a servant and make himself of "no reputation," then it seems to me that those who want to be like him must be mighty humble. And the attitude of claiming to be sinless is not humility—it is an attempt to exalt yourself above others, because the others are known and admitted to be sinful.

And so you think I am all wrong in my view as to Adam's transgression, and the PURPOSE of the Redeemer's coming to earth as a man. Well, it is easy for you to SAY that I am wrong, but all your saying so does not make me wrong. The fact is that I am RIGHT, just the same.

Listen: You say that Adam before he sinned was just like any little child is today. You say that he was perfect because he had no knowledge of sin, which is only part of the truth. He was perfect because there was no penalty of violated law resting upon him. You say we are all Adams in our childhood, before we reach the age of accountability.

Why, man, are you crazy? According to that view, the sin of Adam did not touch us at all. If you are right, then we are not under any sentence of Adamic death. What do you think it is that makes us die? You seem to think that Adam HIMSELF died because he sinned, but please tell me what has caused all his descendants to die? I say they die because they have inherited the death penalty from Adam—they were all born under the death sentence and couldn't escape it.

If I understand what are you driving at, you mean to say that every little child of the present day is standing on exactly the same plane of perfection that Adam stood on before he sinned. That certainly would mean that children are not born under the curse of Adamic death.

Then why do they die? Is it because of their own individual sins? Surely not. Millions of helpless infants have died before they were old enough to know anything. Yet you say they are just as perfect as Adam was. But remember this: Adam didn't die while he was perfect—he didn't die until after he had sinned. Then why do the perfect little babies die BEFORE they have sinned? Figger that out on your boot leg.

And furthermore, if all babies were born perfect, as you say, and not under any sentence of Adamic death, why is it that none of them have REMAINED perfect and sinless? You have to admit that the whole human race is dead, except the present generation, and if they all started life in a holy condition, isn't it strange that at least a few of them didn't remain so? The Bible teaches that sin brought death into the world. And hence if Adam had not sinned he would not have died. Well, then, if a sinless Adam would not have died, a sinless John Smith of the present day would not die, either. But it so happens that all the John Smiths and everybody else have died and are dying, which seems to indicate that the absolutely sinless people in the world are sorter scarce.

THE "ORTHODOX" MILLENNIUM.

There is a gang of theological "teachers" in the country who claim to believe in some sort of a Millennium of a thousand years, but they hook it up with some of their other beliefs in such a way as to spoil it all. They expect the Millennium to come in the very near future, and the generation that happens to be living when it comes will get the advantage of it, but nobody else will. They say that generation will have the advantage of living under the direct personal reign of Christ for a thousand years, and of course under such favorable conditions they will nearly all get good and be saved. But those who had the misfortune to live and die at an earlier period will remain dead until the good time is all over, and then they will be raised and judged and sent on to hell.

If that ain't a terrible piece of partiality to charge against God, then I don't know what partiality is. Why would God give one generation so much better chance than anybody else? Can't you see it would be unfair to the others? Can't you see that millions would thus be lost who, if they could live under the Millennial conditions, would be saved? And how are they to blame for being born too soon?

Why, man, a Millennium like that would be unjust, unreasonable, and worse than no Millennium at all. But when we get the true view of the matter—when we realize that all the dead will be raised in time to get their proper share of the Millennium—then it all seems reasonable and right. It gives us something to look forward to—a good time for the dead as well as for the living.

It must make the Republican editors sweat these days to think of something good to say about their party. Give it up, boys!

JUST WATCH 'EM COME.

Oh, where shall I begin? The world is so full of important things to talk about that a fellow is sometimes at a loss to know which one to handle first

Maybe you have noticed that I harp a good deal on the modern wonders of science that are coming in, and why they are coming NOW.

That is a big question, and a question that people ought to think about more than they do.

God has always dealt with the world by ages and dispensations, and certain things could not come until the time set for them in the Divine Program, and then they MUST come. Looking at it just on the surface, it seems that MEN are bringing about all these wonders just by their own skill and genius. But they are not. The wisdom and power of God is in it every step of the way, and men are only carrying out the Divine Program.

Another thing I notice is this: It is only about fifty years since the stream of modern wonders started. And when they did start the first ones made rather slow progress. That is, the people didn't grab on and use them so fast. For instance, it has taken the automobile about twenty years to cover the world. The phonograph came a little quicker, and the movie quicker yet. But it remained for the Radio to break all speed limits and take the world by storm inside of a year. At the recent Radio Conference in Washington Herbert Hoover said:

"We have witnessed in the last four or five months one of the most astounding things that has come under my observation in American life."

He referred to the startling suddenness with which America has been dotted with more than a million radio receiving station. All in just a few months. Nothing like it has ever happened since God made the world. We haven't had time to get our breath since it started, and now it is all around us as common as pig-tracks.

What will be the next great wonder of science?

God only knows.

But there will be something.

We haven't reached the limit yet.

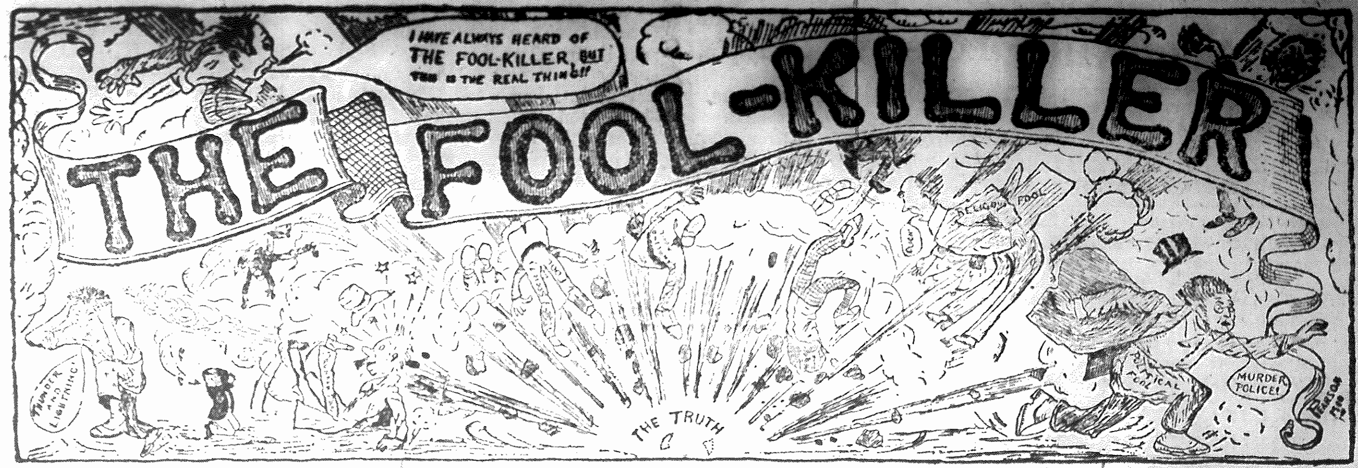
Nay, we have only started.

More wonders and greater are still in store for the next few years, and they will come even more rapidly than radio has come.

And yet some people are foolish enough to say that these things don't mean anything but natural progress. But I tell you they mean more than that. They mean that an Age or Dispensation of the world has ended and a new one begun. God is changing the world. sweeping out the old things, and getting ready to set up His Kingdom here on the earth.

Oh, why can't people see?

What is the matter with their eyes?



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THE CHILDREN AT THE WHITE HOUSE GATE

Old Hardtimes in the White House sits;
He chaws his 'backer and he spits;
He smokes his coffin-nails and blows
The smoke out through his nasty nose.

His intellect is anchored fast
To all the mummies of the past:
With brain made out of buckwheat dough,
He thinks in terms of long ago.

He don't know anything to do
To help in Nineteen-Twenty-Two;
And then to make the matter wuss,
He doesn't seem to care a cuss.

To millionaries and movie stars
He gladly lets down all the bars;
When old plute politicians call,
He finds the time to see them all.

He gives his time to golf and such,
And never seems to mind it much;
He finds the time to take his rides,
And do a lot of things besides.

But when the children of the poor
Come supplicating at his door,
And beg for mercy through their tears—
Oh, that's a plea he never hears.

The big and shiney limozines
Of plutocrats and fashion queens
Pass in and out from sun to sun,
And he can see them every one.

But he can't see the little tot
Whose daddy has to lie and rot
In some old filthy prison cell
For just denouncing Woodpile's hell.

Again, for twenty times, they come,
And stand there pitful and dumb,
Their small sad faces lined with tears,
And old beyond their tender years.

"The children of the prisoners, sir!"
And there's a restless, angry stir—
"Them rats again? A-hem! A-hem!
I ain't got time to fool with them!"

Another limozine turns in;
The stiff policemen bow and grin;
The Child Crusaders at the gate
Must wait and wait and wait and wait.

Is this America? Great God,
Is this the consecrated sod
Bought long ago with blood and pain,
Where Justice once was said to reign?

—James Larkin Pearson.

Popular theology covers a heap of ground, but it's smeared out terrible thin.

"SERGEANT YORK"

Doggon it, boys, I'll just tell you what. If you want to be some pumpkins and have your picture printed in the Literary Digest and all the high-muck-a-doodles wanting to slobber over you—why, blame-take it, you'll have to load yourself up with guns and go out to some public place and kill more people than any other man ever killed, and then you'll be famous and get medals enough to make you look like a dry-land fish, and everybody will just fight for a chance to smell of the ground where you walk.

At least, that's the way Sergeant York got his'n. He wasn't nobody much, and didn't look a sarn-taked bit better than some of the rest of us fellers. But he was said to be a mighty good religious sort of a chap, and so tender hearted that he wouldn't even kill the weeds in his mammy's garden.

But they bundled him off to the camp down in Georgia and trained him for a soldier just the same. Then to France, of course. And one day during a battle he got scared so stiff that the German bullets wouldn't penetrate his hide. They just bounced off like shooting green gooseberries against a stovepipe. In that condition he walked around there and killed Germans till they were piled ten feet deep, more or less, all over a ten-acre field. Then he rounded up all the rest of the German army and drove it in to camp, gave Pershing his orders for the night, and went to bed.

That was all.

But it was enough.

Now Sergeant York is back at home with his nice freckled hide as sound as a new dollar, and his fame so great that he can't walk without stepping on it.

Now you tell one.

A victory for Beveridge in this prohibition country? Oh, Mr. Volstead, come here quick!

At last they have elected George Washington to the American Hall of Fame. Lucky old George! Now maybe he will stand some chance of being remembered. Bull's foot!

BAPTIST MONKEY-SHINES

Wake Forest College, located at Wake Forest, North Carolina, is a Baptist denominational school. It probably heads the list of Baptist schools for men in this section of the South. All Baptist families in North Carolina, at least, who have sons to educate—and are able to do it—send them to Wake Forest. My people were Baptists, but I never went to Wake Forest, because I was too poor. And I am rather glad now that I didn't go, because I would very likely have been crammed so full of the popular errors that I never would have seen the Truth. There was a time when I wanted to go to Wake Forest worse than anything, but God had something better in store for me than a diploma from a Baptist college. It would have ruined me. I can see that very plainly now.

But I notice that Wake Forest is having its troubles over the teaching of evolution. It's all right with the trustees and the big city preachers of the denomination. But some of the common folks out in the backwoods don't like the idea of being a first cousin to the ape, and they are threatening to start something.

Now, Dr. William Louis Poteat, the President of Wake Forest College, is a member of the Baptist church, and I suppose he is a D. D., whatever that means. Anyhow, he claims to be a Christian. But at the same time he believes and teaches the Darwin theory of evolution. The trustees of the college have lately passed resolutions endorsing his views.

All of which may be very proper for them if they see it that way, but I am sorter puzzled about one thing.

Namely:

As a Baptist, Dr. Poteat must necessarily believe in the immortality of the soul. He just could not call himself a Baptist unless he believed that.

On the other hand, it is to be presumed that he thinks the lower animals do not have immortal souls. Because if they have, some evangelist ought to put up his tent in the cow pasture and preach to the cows. They ought to send a basket of Bibles to the frog-pond and save the souls of the tadpoles.

All right.

Now if tadpoles have NOT got immortal souls, and if men HAVE got immortal souls, and yet if man evoluted up from a tadpole or a sand lizzard, I ask in all seriousness—

Where and when and how did man get that immortal soul?

Up to a certain place he was just an animal WITHOUT a soul. But if he was ever going to be a man WITH a soul, there would have to be a time somewhere along the line when an immortal soul would come down from heaven and crawl into that animal. Just how far up the scale do animals have to come before they can shoulder a Testament and start to Sunday School? Has science ever figgered that out?

Then again:

President Poteat and the faculty and trustees of Wake Forest College cannot make any place in their scheme for the redemptive work of Christ unless they believe in the FALL of man as recorded in Genesis. And if man has been going steadily UP all the time, when did he fall? Must have been when he fell out of a cocoanut tree and broke his tail off.

Oh, dear me!

Where's the turpentine?

PLAY THIS ON YOUR NOSE

Feller at Columbia University says he is going to fix to play a tune on your nose with different kinds of smells. Going to arrange the different odors into a musical scale and make you smell the tune instead of hearing it. That will be great stuff. But in order to play modern jazz by that method he will have to put in some Redemocan politics, a nigger gal's union suit, and a few trimmings from a hoss's foot.

If Indiana and Pennsylvania are any sign, it seems that the Republicans have set their heads to kill some of the biggest chinches on their old political bunk—and then sleep on it some more. Better just burn the old bunk and sleep on the floor, I guess.

The Fool-Killer

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Reduced Rates

Well, folkses, I have decided to risk my chances on putting The Fool-Killer back to its old price. Print paper is still costing me twice as much as it did before the war; but the general trend of prices is downward, and I want to give my readers the benefit of all possible reduction, because I know times are hard and money scarce.

So please tell everybody you see and send word to the rest that they can now get The Fool-Killer again at the old price—25 cents for a single susbcription, or 15 cents each in clubs of five or more at one time.

Now please rush in the subs like you did in the old days, and I'll do my level best to keep 'em awake.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this rag of reform.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor, and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will, and that settles it.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, N. C,

Let's Try It Again

Now, folks, this is a business proposition straight through from one side to tuther. There ain't no joke in it nor anything to laugh at, so please keep your face straight and your heart wide open.

I don't think I need any introduction to you folks. Several thousand of you have been sopping your mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for about twelve years now, and you know pretty well what sort of shines I can cut. So far as the LITERARY end of it is concerned I seem to have demonstrated that I can deliver the goods. Tens of thousands of people all over America are clamoring for my writing this very minute, and here I sit away out here in the woods without any proper facilities for getting my dope to the people who want it. I have to confess that the mechanical or business end of The Fool-Killer has never been as big a success as the literary end. The paper has never reached the tenth part of the people it might have reached if the business department had been tuned up just right and run on a straight efficiency basis.

But you see the thing has always been largely a one-man concern, and it has taken so much of my time to look after the printing and mailing that the literary end has often suffered from neglect. By dividing my attention the two ends of the business have worked against each other and injured both. I started out twelve years ago with a good supply of poverty, and I've got most of it yet. Never have got able to put in the up-to-date machinery that is needed to handle a large circulation. My press is good for 50,000 to 60,000, but what is the use to print papers unless I can get them mailed out? The handling of the mailing list is the big job. For that purpose as well as others, the thing I most urgently need is a Linotype Machine, which will cost about $2,500. I have made two or three efforts in the past to get such a machine but never have succeeded. Have been tempted to say that I would never try any more, but that sounds cowardly, and I am going to try again. A man has never failed until he quits trying, and I serve notice right here that I have not quit.

Several of my Bible Student friends and others who have become acquainted with the situation have been urging me here of late to start another campaign for a Linotype Machine. Well, here it goes. We are going to see now just how many are willing to help make this paper a power in the land. If I just had all you folks here in a bunch so I could talk to you face to face and show you the possibilities that I see in this thing, you would all be glad to do your part, and I believe you will anyhow.

Now here's what I want. I don't want you to give me a penny. I simply want you to buy a certain number of sub-cards each month and pay me the money for them. To all the friends who agree to stand with me in this campaign I will sell the cards at a special reduced price. Each card will represent a paid subscription to the paper. You can then sell the cards to your friends and get your money back and a little extra for your trouble. Now how many of you will pledge to take a dollar's worth of sub-cards each month? If even one out of a hundred of my present readers will join me in this movement we can soon put it over the top. Come on, boys, let's go.

Yes, it's hard times. I know all about that. Business dull. Money scarce and hard to get. But that's all the more reason why The Fool-Killer needs to be read everywhere. I have a red-hot message for these very times, and the people will take to it better than they ever did before. The people are beginning to see that something bad is the matter with the world, and some of them are beginning to say, "Now what if old Pearson DOES turn out to be right, after all?"

You Bible Students know what I mean, even if the rest don't. I am talking especially to you anyhow. You know the kingdoms of this world are falling. You understand what this trouble means. But the people in general do not know what it means, and they are so full of prejudice that they won't read the other Truth papers. So there is where The Fool-Killer comes in. It makes them laugh and then crams the Truth down them while their mouths are open, and they don't realize what they are getting till they have done got it swallowed. I am reaching thousands of people with the Truth that never could have been reached in any other way.

Now, friends, let's make one big effort and put this thing over the top. WE CAN DO IT. Let's surprise the old Babylon folks by making The Fool-Killer a big success right here at a time when everything else seems to be going to smash.

Don't order any sub-cards now, because I haven't got them printed yet, but just write and tell me if you will be one of my buddies in the campaign to get the Linotype Machine. I want to get all my crowd together first, and then we'll do big things in a very quiet way. I don't want any unnecessary blowing about it, but just quiet teamwork among ourselves. Will you be one of the team? Did I hear you say yes? All right! Good for you! Now every friend who will agree to stand with me in this please write me a few lines giving your full name and address, so I can get you all lined up and get acquainted with you. Come along, now! Come along!

The trouble with the political pot is that it always boils over and puts the fire out just about election time, and then we have to go hungry till another campaign starts.

INTRODUCING MRS. WALKER

In connection with the campaign which I have just started to get a Linotype Machine and broaden the field of The Fool-Killer, the following letter is of interest. Mrs. Walker is the cause of this new effort that I am about to make. She saw the great possibilities going to waste and begged me into it. To Mrs. Walker, therefore will be due the lion's share of credit for whatever success we make. Mrs. Walker is a faithful Bible Student and a true friend of The Fool-Killer. Read her letter and catch her spirit of enthusiasm for the great work:

Willard, Georgia, May 16, 1922.

Editor The Fool-Killer,
Boomer, N. C.

Dear Sir:

Being a constant subscriber, reader and admirer of your good paper for several years past ,and knowing some of the difficulties you have to encounter in getting out the paper, due to lack of efficient machinery and facilities, I've been thinking for some time of writing a letter for publication in your paper and appealing to your readers who are financially able to do so to aid you in securing a Linotype Machine to help you in your good work.

I realize that times are hard and money very scarce, but I think we should be willing and glad to help in a worthy cause, and even make a sacrifice to do so, and I am willing to pledge you ten dollars each year, if as many as forty or fifty other friends will do the same, until a Linotype Machine is bought and paid for.

Now, Mr. Editor, suppose you find out the cost and terms on the machine and figure out the best plan by which you think we could aid you in securing it soon as possible, and let us know through the paper. If you care to publish this, and any of your subscribers and friends wish to join in helping you as above suggested, they can let you hear from them with a statement of what they are willing to do. Here's hoping you may soon get the machine installed in your office so that you can continue sending out promptly your good paper filled with such literary feasts of good things as you know so well how to provide. Your last issue was a "hummer," and I wish everyone who can read could take your paper, as I think it is doing a great good in educating the people on the important topics of the day.

Hoping that you may see fit to place the above suggestion before your readers, and with best wishes for success, I am,

Yours sincerely,
MRS. E. Y. WALKER.

"BLUETS and BUTTERCUPS"

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor.

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.

WHAT DOES JESUS CHRIST AMOUNT TO, ANYHOW?

(The following article was prepared for publication in The News and Observer, a daily paper of Raleigh, N. C., in answer to an editorial in said paper on the Immortality of the Soul and Spiritualism. And as I consider it one of the best things I ever wrote on the subject, I am also giving it to the readers of The Fool-Killer. Read it carefully, and show it to all your orthodox friends.)

Editor News and Observer,
Raleigh, N. C.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have been reading with great interest your editorial discussions of Sir Conan Doyle's theories about Spiritualism and Immortality. I gather from the trend of your editorial comment that you are a firm believer in the immortality of the soul, and that you are just about ready to accept the whole Spiritualism program from start to finish.

Now since you have considered this a proper subject to discuss on your editorial page, and since only one side has yet been presented, I hope you will be liberal enough to let me present another side of it.

From your recent editorial headed, "The Faith That Sustains," I quote the following:

> "A. Conan Doyle's discussions in this country on communication with the dead have led to a quantity of comment on the immortality of the soul. Most of us, no doubt, fully believe with Longfellow that 'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,' was not spoken of the soul. But always there has been a small minority which held that death ends all: It has been a small minority, however, and many people think that it is a steadily shrinking minority."

Now, Mr. Editor, I want to call your attention to something that you have evidently never thought about—something that Doyle and all of the immortal soul advocates have completely missed. Did it ever occur to you that there is a possible third position to take on this question? Did you ever stop to consider that a man CAN deny the immortality of the soul and still not believe that death ends all? You divide the world into two classes—a big majority that believes in inherent immortality, and a small minority that believes death ends all. But there is another big class in between those two extremes, and right there in that middle position is to be found the key that unlocks the whole troublesome problem.

It has always appeared most remarkable to me that nearly all people who approach this question at all feel under the necessity of taking one extreme or the other. They seem to think it is necessary to believe that the human soul is inherently immortal—that there must be uninterrupted life right on from this world into the next—or else they must believe that "death ends all." It never seems to enter anybody's mind that God, through His Son Jesus Christ, is able to RAISE THE DEAD—able to re-kindle the flame of life after it has been totally extinguished in death.

Why is it that intelligent people who claim to be Christians will so unanimously ignore the great central truth of the New Testament? Why is it that Christians cannot see that they **are thus denying their Saviour?** They are actually refusing to believe that his death on the cross amounted to anything at all.

If you claim to believe in Jesus Christ, what do you think you believe in him for? What do you think he has done for you?

Somebody will say, "Oh, he saved me."

Yes, but what did he save you from?

Be careful. Right there is where so many people get off the track. They don't stop to reason it out for themselves, but just accept what some preacher has told them, and let it go at that.

Now what did Jesus save you from?

Nine out of ten will answer without hesitation, "Oh, he saved me from a hell of eternal torment."

But is that the case?

Let's see.

This is a Bible question, and we have got to appeal to the authority of the Bible. If we cannot do that, then there was no use to have started this discussion in the first place.

So let us go back to Genesis. We will not raise any fuss with Darwin and Wells about evolution. In fact, we might be willing to admit for argument's sake that God did make man by the slow process of evolution. That's immaterial to this discussion. The point is, he was there—he had arrived. Whether it took him one day or a million years to get there makes no difference.

And it seems that man, after he had arrived on the scene, was in such a condition that he could have lived forever by being obedient.

But when he disobeyed God and committed sin he lost something.

What did he lose?

He lost LIFE. That is, he lost the privilege of living forever. As it was the natural human life in the flesh that he possessed, that must have been what he lost. We have no record that God gave man two different kinds of life, so that he might lose one and keep one. The plain inference is that man had only one life, and he could not have lost that life and still kept it, could he?

Now what does the loss of life mean?

It means DEATH.

I think all will agree to that.

But what does DEATH mean?

Let's see.

God addressed man in the second person and called him "thou." Call it soul, body, or what you please, but God said "thou" to the thing He was addressing. And I call your attention to the fact that the same "thou" who is told in Gen. 2:17 **that he shall DIE is the identical same "thou" who is told in Gen. 3:19 that he shall RETURN TO DUST. So, then, the death that God was talking about must have been a returning to dust. It was the whole man that had life, and it was the whole man that must lose it.**

Now listen:

Why did God deprive man of his life privilege and thus compel him to die and return to dust.

Wasn't it a penalty for sin?

You are bound to say yes.

And isn't that the ONLY penalty for sin that the Bible says anything about?

"The wages of sin is DEATH."

But somebody will speak up and say, "I—I—I—Oh, no, the wages of sin is eternal life in torment."

Who said so?

Please show me the place.

How many different sentences did God pass upon man for sin, anyhow? We have seen very clearly that ONE sentence was DEATH—a returning to dust. And if you want to make anything more than that out of it, you will have to come on down the line somewhere this side of Eden and show me where God passed a SECOND sentence on man for sin.

No use to look.

It isn't there.

Just one sentence is all that the Bible says anything about, and that sentence is DEATH—a returning to dust. (Gen. 3:19).

Now right here is a very important point, and I want you to be sure and get it.

Look!

There was Adam under the sentence of death. He had to die, and there was no way for him to escape. And when he did die he was ALL dead. There was not any part of him left alive. That was bad. But to make it still worse, the death sentence against Adam included all his unborn posterity, because they were all in him at the time. Adam's children were all born after he sinned and fell under the curse, and that's why the world is full of graveyards today.

Now suppose you just leave Adam and his race in that condition, and make no further provision for them. What would be the result?

Careful, now!

Go slow.

Think hard.

What would be the result?

Why, bless your life, that's as easy as falling off a log.

The whole human race would just STAY DEAD. Just go back to the dust and remain there through all eternity. Never live, never enjoy nor suffer, never have any sort of life nor feeling any more at all. That's what would happen to us all if God had just left us there, and had made no further provision for us.

Now we come back to our question—

What is Jesus going to save you from?

Here is the answer:

"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." (I Cor. 15:22).

Do you see the point?

In the absence of any Redeemer it WOULD be true that death would end all.

But God saw fit to send his Son into the world to REDEEM the world—to buy back the life privilege that Adam had forfeited. And so now, because of that provision having been made to get the human race out of the grave, we people who believe in the merits of Jesus Christ have faith that there is going to be a RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

If the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ did not accomplish THAT, then what DID it accomplish?

Will somebody please tell me?

It is clear and plain that the only penalty or sentence ever pronounced against the human race was the sentence of Adamic death. I defy the whole orthodox world, and Conan Doyle on top of it, to find between the lids of the Bible where any other sentence was passed upon man.

Therefore it is a clear case that if the great sacrifice on Calvary did not provide for the resurrection of the dead, then it did not provide for ANYTHING, and it isn't worth the snap of your finger.

Now isn't that a fact?

But if people do not die, but merely get more alive than ever and go on to heaven or hell as Orthodoxy and Spiritism contend, then where is the need or the possibility of a resurrection?

Can't you see that such a belief as that denies and ignores the very purpose for which Jesus Christ came into the world? It makes death a delusion, faith a fraud, and Christ a criminal.

Now hold on.

Dont' jump at conclusions.

There is some more to it.

Now that we have found out what Jesus is going to save you from, let's go a little further and see what might happen next.

You have been redeemed.

Whether you know it or whether you believe it or not, the fact remains just the same, and it does not depend on you nor your belief about it in the least. Jesus Christ has paid the price and redeemed every child of Adam from the bonds of death. Not just a few, but ALL.

"For as in Adam ALL die, even so in Christ shall ALL be made alive."—I Cor. 15:22.

No ifs and ands about that.

Just a plain fact.

But—

Having received the sure promise of such a great blessing—life again from the dead—what are you going to do with it? Will you appreciate it enough to KEEP it and use it the right way and live right on forever, just as Adam COULD have done with his first life? Or will you go ahead and lose it again like Adam did?

That is a matter you will have to decide for yourself. If you live so as to forfeit your resurrection life and go into death the second time, then that will be the SECOND DEATH. It will

Continued on page 4.

ROTTEN POLITICS

The rotten reign of politics
Has got us in an awful fix;
So here we sit and nurse our heads
While desolation grows and spreads.

We kicked the Donkey from the door,
And wouldn't have him any more;
And then the Elephant just sat
Right down on us and mashed us flat.

We've tried 'em both, and I declare
I don't know which is worst to bear;
But turn me loose and let me run
And I won't stand for neither one.

Doggon it, what's the use to vote
When every party gets your goat,
And sets you down to starve and die,
While they get fat on public pie?

That hateful-taked lying set
Will wreck the country wusser yet,
And milk it dry and leave it flat,
But I won't be to blame for that.

As long as these are on our deck
The world is going to be a wreck;
I can't do anything at all
But stand aside and watch it fall.

—James Larkin Pearson.

A SERMON ON EVOLUTION

Text:

And it came to pass that a certain wise monkey named Adam Darwin discovered one day that he could walk upright on his hind feet. Whereupon he rubbed his tail off against a tree, borrowed a typewriter from the Governor of Nod, and began to write books on Evolution.

You will find my text on the umteenth page of Noah Webster's second whistle to the bird-dog.

Now, dear moneykey-munks and babblety-boons, we are going to go to the bottom of this question, even if we have to punch a hole in the Chinese Revolution to do it.

Mr. Darwin has had his say.

Mr. Bryan has also emitted several barrels of printer's ink.

And now that old fool Pearson is going to talk some.

You'll get some nice fat information now if you've got any place to put it.

Ever since Darwin's great-grandaddy was a tadpole we have been wondering what sort of critters we are and how we happened to be here.

Darwin says we were hatched out of a frog-egg and lived on worms and other small game for the first billion years of our life. Then we hopped up in a sickimdog tree and lived on the installment plan and our wife's kinfolks for the next billion or so. Then one day we happened to be reading the classified advertisements in the "Tadpole Times" and we saw where a two-legged man could get an easy job in the Garden of Eden. So we climbed down from our tree, hired an aligator to bite our tail off, and took the next train for Eden. And you know the rest.

Well, that explanation of it seemed to satisfy the world in general and the college professors in particular; but there has always been a little bunch of crazy cranks like Moses and Bryan who just won't have it that way. They claim to have some kind of book that tells it different. They can prove that their book is right smart older than Mr. Darwin's book and a good deal more apt to be right.

Now these two factions have gone on for a long time sorter quiet-like and have not shown much disposition to bite each other's heads off. Evolution worked its way into the public school books and even into the denominational colleges till it got so nearly all the big D. D.'s were Darwin Defenders.

Then the storm broke.

Somebody in the Kentucky legislature seems to have started it by urging the passage of a law to prevent the teaching of evolution in the schools of that state.

Then Bryan writ a book on the subject, and suddenly found himself almost as famous as if he had been a candidate for president.

A Darwinite took it up.

Then a Mosesite butted in.

And the fur began to fly.

Now the air smells like burning monkey-hair in a skillet.

The thing is coming to a head in a hurry. Unless all signs fail we are now going to find out who we are, where we came from, and all about it.

But, oh, my dearly-befuddled, I want to tell you one thing. There is a side to it that nobody seems to have thought about. There is one source of information that is being entirely overlooked. Why don't somebody ask the monkeys about it? We have some highly educated monkeys in the world today, and if any of their simian ancestors degenerated into human beings they would very likely know something about it. But even if they have positive knowledge of such an occurrence they might be ashamed to own it.

Just supopse, for instance, that you were a good honest and respectable monkey, how would you like to have it throwed up to you that you were the ancestor of a two-legged thing that chaws terbacker and cusses and tells lies and cheats and swindles and fights with gunpowder and ain't got sense enough to live at peace in a world of plenty without letting half of the population starve to death? Dog-bite it, you know as well as I do that no decent monkey would stand for such a slander against its race.

For goodness sake, if there is any other way to account for man's existence here in the world, let's have it. If God made us out of mud and set us up against the fence to dry, maybe He knows what He made us for and why He has allowed us to get into such a devil of a fix. One thing is certain—if God can't straighten us out there ain't nary monkey that can, and we just as well give it up.

Life among the "statesmen" here of late is just one hang-taked "conference" right after another. And every conference leaves the international tangle a little worse than it was before.

THE DEVIL'S PAPER

Somebody—evidently a Spiritist—has been sending me copies of a dirty-looking sheet which is mis-called "The Progressive Thinker," and which is so full of Spiritist lies that it positively stinks.

I have taken time to read some of the stuff just to see what kind of double-and-twisted infernal fools people can be when they surrender their lives to old Satan.

Well, it just corks anything yet. Nonsense is no name for it. Foolishness does not half-way express it. Rot is too decent a word to employ in speaking of such diabolical drivel—such damnable devil-broth.

Messages from the dead! Great horn spoons! If the dead people really could know that such blasphemous billingsgate was being palmed off as theirs they would turn over in their graves.

And after reading the stuff you get about as much idea what it is trying to tell as you would get by listening to the rattle of a loose board on the cow-shed. It made me feel like I had slept in a buzzard-roost and dreamed about eating snakes.

THE DISAGREEMENT CONFERENCE

That name fits all of them just like a nigger's hunting shirt. Two months before the Washington confab opened its doors I gave it the name of "Disagreement Conference." It turned out that I was exactly right. We all know the history of that miserable, militaristic, plutocratic, pilfering, greedy grandstand gabfest, and how all its fair promises faded like the mist of the morning. There was nothing but disagreement from start to finish, and nobody has yet seen a penny's worth of benefit that it brought to the world. Promised to junk a few old tubs that had to be junked anyhow, and even that has not been done yet. They are waiting for an appropriation of twenty million dollars to bear the expenses of saving about half that much.

Then they rolled up their breeches and waded over to Genoa and tried it again. Called it an Economic Conference that time. But it was the same old Disagreement Conference all the time. Went there to talk about the money they didn't have and how they were going to get it. Tried grease Russia with some stove-polish and swallow her, but Russia declined the invitation and everything busted. Even Lloyd George had to take his smile off and ship it home to have it repaired, and some people think it never will look like itself any more.

And now some time this month they are going to put on wooden shoes and go to Holland with their Disagreement Conference tied up in John Bull's shirt-tail, and there will be another fifty thousand dollars for entertainment and cigars, red likker and black eyes, court plaster and healing salve.

Wusser and wusser!

I told you so.

IDIOTORIALS.

Good morning! Have you sprung from a monkey yet?

Genoa new Disagreement Conference is about to open?

The Republican party may win the governorship of Pennsylvania next fell, but it's going to Pinchot.

That little Astor man trotting along at Nancy's heels looks sorter like a snuff box tied to a picnic wagon.

"Suffer little children to come unto me," said the Carpenter of Nazereth. "I don't care how much they suffer, but they can't come unto me," says President Hardtimes.

Awful big sight of talk in Washington about how they are going to catch war grafters. The talk is all. My old tom-cat could eat every war grafter they will catch—and still be hungry.

And now another "Red" scare is sweeping the country like Sherman's army after a Georgia rooster. A common working man can't light his pipe any more without being saddled with a bomb plot. Of course he was fixing to blow up somebody. But you show me a rich rascal that gets rounded up as a "Red", will you? Oh, the cussedness of it all!

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

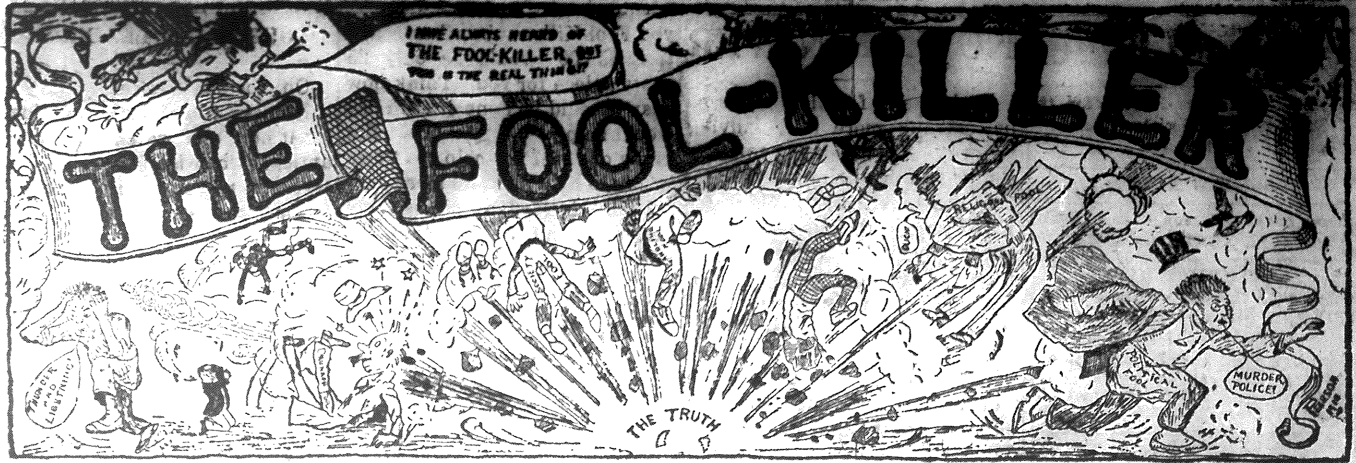
The National Republican, an administration organ published weekly at Washington, D. C., is filling its pages almost entirely with old historical matters—about Grant, Hamilton and other men of the dead past. I don't wonder at that, because it is less embarrassing to talk about those old times than it would be to elocute concerning this-here doggon Hardtimes prosperity. Yes, indeed, I'd keep just as far away from the present as possible if I was under the awful necessity of trying to edit a Republican paper.

What Does Jesus Christ Amount to, Anyhow?

(*Continued from page 3.*)

be just like the first death, with the exception that there will not be any Redeemer sent to get you out of it. Jesus will not die for you any more. Therefore if you go dashing on in your mad career of sin till you forfeit your new life and fall into the Second Death, that positively WILL "end all" so far as you are concerned.

Now, folks, have I been talking foolishness? Or have I been talking good sound sense? Seems to me that this is all plain and reasonable enough for even a preacher to see if he would just open his eyes and look.



Volume XII. Boomer, North Carolina, July, 1922. Number 4.

My Righteous Wrath is A-bilin'.

I'd like to always wear a grin,
  An' keep right on a-smilin';
But there's so much of crime an' sin
A-floatin' 'round where I have been—
So many brutes in human skin—
  My righteous wrath is a-bilin'.

I'd like to just be singin' songs,
  With blessin's 'round me pilin';
But when I see the passin' throngs
Of proud conceits an' boastful wrongs—
The lie set up where truth belongs—
  My righteous wrath is a-bilin'.

I'd like to think that there was not
  One trace of sin's defilin';
But when the truth has gone to pot—
The devil crowned and Christ forgot—
I can't help gittin' sorter hot—
  My righteous wrath is a-bilin'.

But God will soon remove the curse,
  The snake will quit beguilin';
An' when things can't get any worse,
The whole procession will reverse,
An' there will be no grief to nurse,
  No righteous wrath a bilin'.

—James Larkin Pearson.

Sorter Dull This Time

I am afraid this is going to be an uncommonly dull and lifeless issue of The Fool-Killer. You see all the juice that goes into this paper as a usual thing has to come out of the think-box of one poor little crazy editor; and if for any reason that think-box gets tired or sick and can't manufacture the hot stuff—well, then what? Just have to do without it, that's what. And that's sorter the way it is this time. No, I ain't been sick—at least, not sick in the mouth—but my alleged brain just took a dull spell and I couldn't write anything. Am just sending this out as a sort of excuse for an issue, and will try to get the old gab-trap in good working order for next time. Now you hear it.

The spirit mediums are now frankly admitting that nearly all the spirits they have to deal with are terrible liars. What? Spirits right out of heaven, and then accuse them of being liars? I do say!

IDIOTORIALS.

Summer is getting ripe.

Hurrah for Pay-try-it-ism!

But in Ireland they have to call it Pat-riot-ism.

Ford don't seem to have any friends except everybody.

If inspiration would fatten a man, poets wouldn't be so skinny.

Old Man Tribulation is coming down the road with his boots on.

It never pays to believe the same lie twice.

When you get into trouble, my advice to you is this: Get out the best way you can, like I do.

Seems that Prohibition is a landlubber—can't go out on the water.

If you ain't able to buy a pair of shoes, you can go barefooted for awhile yet.

It isn't any worse to strike and starve than it is to work and starve anyhow.

American labor is getting in a terribly ugly temper. Look out, Mister Plute!

What about the Fourth? Did you celebrate the liberty you haven't got? Huh?

Now if them-thar Radio waves would just bring a hungry man something to eat.

Man is getting so doggon smart that he can do just about any old thing except govern himself.

The State primaries are pumping red-hot death into the Old Guard just as fast as they can load and shoot. Goody.

I have come to the conclusion that about the best way to vote is to not vote at all.

Still another reason why we call this a "stable" government is because it is run mostly by mules.

No wonder the spirits that do so much "communicating" are all liars. They inherit that from their old pappy, the devil.

The Redemocans prefer to talk about what they are going to do instead of what they have done. I don't wonder.

What is the use to have any more conferences to see if they can disagree? They ought to know it by this time.

Nothing has been said about reducing the wages of the Big Ikes. It is always the poor man who has to stand for another cut.

People who believe in "immortal soul" cannot consistently oppose Spiritism. That would be sorter like a polecat trying to bite its own stink off.

The plute press has tried every other way to discredit Russia, and now it has begun to report that Lenin is dying. Which simply means that it wishes he would.

The third Disagreement Conference has busted up and faded away without even paying Holland for the good wind that it chawed up and wasted.

If Lenin has to die as many times (in the plute press) as the Soviet government has had to fall (in the plute press) he will have a regular job of dying for the next several years.

Our friend Jeff has blossomed out as a great wireless inventor—he has produced a wireless bicycle by making the wheels of wood.

If anybody deserves eternal torment it must be the people who advocate such a doctrine. If they want it so bad, why not let 'em have it?

Most of the so called religion that people have is 30 per cent ignorance, 30 per cent prejudice, 30 per cent pride, and 10 per cent fear. Not much religion, eh?

Knowledge is the shell that wisdom grows in, and I have known some cases where a mighty big nice shell turns out to be empty.

The weather has been so hot this month that my brain clabbered, and I churned it, and here is the butter. Put some of it on your intellectual biscuit.

Milk and Meat

Permit me to say right here that I know a few things about the Bible that I am not saying much about in this paper just yet. Am holding some of it in reserve for future use at a time when the readers will be better prepared to receive it.

Those of you who are already advanced Bible Students do not need me to tell you anything. You know. But there are others not so far advanced who need help. And then there are still others who have never yet begun to get their eyes open. This is the class that I am working on mainly. I can't feed them anything but the milk of the Truth, and they won't take even that unless I let them suck it out of a Fun Bottle.

I give a little of the stronger meat of Truth now and then, but my stuff, so far as I deal with Scriptural matters at all, is mostly for the beginner and for him who has not begun yet. When he gets properly started then he will be passed along to other teachers who will give him more advanced food. I'm just catchin' 'em. See?

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
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Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

Reduced Rates

Well, folkses, I have decided to risk my chances on putting The Fool-Killer back to its old price. Print paper is still costing me twice as much as it did before the war; but the general trend of prices is downward, and I want to give my readers the benefit of all possible reduction, because I know times are hard and money scarce.

So please tell everybody you see and send word to the rest that they can now get The Fool-Killer again at the old price—25 cents for a single susbcription, or 15 cents each in clubs of five or more at one time.

Now please rush in the subs like you did in the old days, and I'll do my level best to keep 'em awake.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this rag of reform.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor, and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will, and that settles it.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, N. C,

NOW OR NEVER

Looky here, folks! There is no use of any more dilly-dallying about it. So I am going to bring things to a head right now.

In the June issue of The Fool-Killer I made a long statement about my urgent need of a Linotype Machine to set type for the paper and for my books and to handle the mailing list in the way it ought to be handled. This need is real and very urgent. So I decided to make one more big effort to get the machine. In my June article I called on you to say how much you would help toward getting the machine. I asked you to pledge to buy one dollar's worth of sub-cards each month. Quite a number have responded to that, but not half enough yet to make the plan a success. I thank those who have so kindly pledged their help, but we will have to keep on till we get more.

I just MUST have that machine, or else I can't go on with The Fool-Killer much longer. I have already worn myself out slaving away with the old slow methods. Have taken up years of my valuable time doing work by hand that a machine could have done in a fourth of the time. Just think how much time I have lost that way that ought to have been given to my reading, studying and writing.

Now listen to me!

I know that I have some ability as a writer, and I know that many men with LESS literary talent than I possess have made fame and fortune by their writing. You all know that's a fact. And here I have slaved away 43 years of my life and got nothing to show for it.

It is time for me to quit that sort of thankless and unappreciated slavery. There is SOME WAY that I can amount to something for myself and for the world. What I am doing is very good in its way, but it is too little. I am not reaching enough people and not having enough influence. Therefore I have resolved to make some sort of a change right immediately. I am going to get that machine and do business RIGHT, or else I am going to QUIT! Which do you want me to do?

The machine that I need will cost right about $2,600, and a good supply of metal and other necessary extras will run the total cost to about $3,000. That sounds like some money for a poor man to think about paying out. Well, it would be if one poor man had to shoulder the entire burden. But here are 12,000 of you Fool-Killer subscribers, and that $3,000 would be only 25 cents apiece for you. Think how easy it could be done if each one would help just that much. But every one will not help, so those who will help must do more.

I have decided to change my proposition a little, so as to make it easier and quicker for all of you, and better for the business.

Now here is my final proposition:

I am going to have you folks get me the Linotype Machine as a Birthday Present. On Sept. 13th, 1922, I will be 43 years old. Have slaved at this work for 12 years and more, and have never got able to get the machinery I need. No use to go on this way any longer. So now I am going to GET IT or QUIT! Do you hear that? I mean it.

If as many as 300 of you folks will pledge to take $10.00 worth of Sub-Cards each all at one time, the machine and all metal and extras will be paid for. No debt to pay interest on. No old bothersome notes coming due each month.

Don't send your ten dollars now. Just promise me sure and certain that you WILL send it at a certain time. And then I will ask you to actually mail the money in time to reach me as near as possible on my Birthday, September 13th. Let's plan to have my cash receipts on that day reach a total of $3,000.

That will be a Birthday Present worth something, and it will enable me to get the equipment I need and carry on this work in a way that will amount to something. And not only that, but it will also enable me to publish my books that I have been promising you so long—my book of poems, the book of Fool-Killer selections and various other books. I have about 200 pledges for each of the books mentioned, and the people who have promised to take them are wondering why it takes so long to get them ready. Well, just because I've got nothing to work with. Am doing my best. Have been getting the poems set up on a machine in a neighboring town, and at this writing I have about two-thirds of the poems in type. Will complete these two books soon as possible, but you see I could do it so much quicker and cheaper with a machine of my own.

That's all.

No use to say any more.

If there are 300 people in this country who appreciate my work enough to help me as above suggested, The Fool-Killer will go on and do big things. Otherwise—well, there's no "otherwise" to it. We are going to succeed.

Now what will YOU do?

OUR BLIND LEADERS

Oh, for pity's sake!

It does get awful tiresome just to sit here and watch the crazy antics of the wise fools who are trying to run the world. Seems to me that just any school child ought to have better sense than to do some of the things our pin-headed statesmen are doing.

And the whole trouble is that they are blind and oblivious to the one great central FACT—that there is a Higher Power at work in all this business—that there is a Divine Plan being executed with mathematical precision. The statesmen have never learned that God orders the world by ages and dispensations, and that after one age has gone by it never can come back. They utterly fail to grasp the great truth which is so plain to some of us little old cranks—that the time has now come for a change of dispensations. They are going ahead trying to prop up the old order and preserve the worn-out institutions of the past.

President Hardtimes imagines that he is McKinley, and he thinks that the line of action which was proper in McKinley's day will serve the purpose here in 1922. Don't know that years have passed and that times have changed. Can't comprehend the meaning of the mighty upheaval that now shakes the world.

Why do the people have such blind leaders? Probably because the people are nearly all blind themselves and ain't got sense enough to select a leader who can see and understand.

The preachers tell us that the spirits of dead people go to heaven when they die. But when John Barleycorn died his spirit just went out on the Atlantic and put up with the Shipping Board.

Our "patriotic" statesmen are very fond of rolling over their silver-plated tongues the threadbare statement that we have in this country a "stable" government. Stable? Sniff! Sniff! Yes, I guess that accounts for its awful smell.

"BLUETS and BUTTERCUPS"

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor.

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.

WHAT ABOUT HENRY?

Now, fetch-take it all, here is another big problem to settle. And we've got to buckle right down to the job and reach some sort of a decision about it.

Something has got to be done with Henry Ford. He is getting to be such a power in the land that he can't be ignored much longer. And making fun of him won't work, either. The people of these Benited States, whether they like it or not, have just got to reckon with the Flivver Man.

There is the Muscle Shoals question still hung up in Congress like a calf with its head in a fence-crack, and it seems likely to hang there till it rots.

Henry says he could do big things at Muscle Shoals. He promises to start a development that will be a blessing to all the people. Well, everybody wants him to try it except a little bunch of plutes in New York and a few of their boot-lickers in Washington.

So there you are.

Just look who is FOR Henry, and then turn around and look who is AGAINST him. Ain't that a sufficient object-lesson? For the Lord's sake, honey, which crowd are you going to line up with?

The peanut politicians are scared plum out of their breeches for fear Ford will get into politics. But they ain't got sense enough to see that their fight against him on the Muscle Shoals matter is the very surest way to put him into politics.

Why, bless goodness, don't you know that a presidential boom for Henry is already sweeping the country like fire in stubble? The Ford Clubs are springing up all over the land, and Henry says he will serve if the people demand it, but he won't spend nary penny to get the nomination nor the election.

Oh, but Henry is ignorant, they say. He is unlearned, and he is not a professional politician. Yes, he is just ignorant enough to know that the way to do things is to DO them and not talk forever about it. And a little bit of straight DOING THINGS is what we need in Washington right now.

But the next question is, what party ticket will Henry run on if he runs at all? Neither of the old parties would dare to nominate him, because they are all dominated by their old machine gangs and they wouldn't touch a man like Ford with a forty-foot pole. Not even the Socialist party would have him. And yet nine out of ten of the common people of the country would be glad of a chance to vote for him. Looks like he will have to run as an independent, or else a new party will have to be organized.

It is a curious and seemingly fortunate thing that the richest man in the world happens to be one of the greatest friends of the common people. With the great power that his money gives him, and added to that the great power that the Presidency would give him, and back of all that his wonderful business genius and capacity for doing things—just think what such a man could do.

Thousands of Bible Students are believing that the Millennium will get into active operation by 1925. But any fool knows that no Millennium can operate in this country while the government is in the hands of the old rotten political gangs that have been running it.

So if prophecy is to come true, there must be a REAL change and a different type of man put in the White House. Isn't it entirely reasonable and probable that Henry Ford might be that man? He certainly would be "different," if that would do any good. If he should be elected in 1924 he would take office on March 4th, 1925, which seems to correspond exactly with the predicted time for the Golden Age to begin.

Looks mighty nice, doesn't it?

But there is just one big ugly fly in the soup. That is, Ford's Anti-Jew propaganda. Seems to me that is the one serious blunder he has made, and I am afraid that blunder will keep him from being the man who is to lead us into the Golden Age.

If there is any truth in prophecy the Jew is to be at the head of things in the next Age, and since Ford has seen fit to set himself squarely against the Jew, that makes everything look very uncertain. Maybe Henry will see his mistake in time to correct it. If he don't, then I am afraid he will cause a serious hitch in the proceedings,

Shore is a pity.

But I can't help it.

Blackberry Time.

Scratched-up fingers
  And stained-up mouth—
That's the way it looks
  All over the South.

Chigger-bit ankle
  And itching thigh;
Linament gone—
  But, oh, that pie!

Indiana spewed up New and drank a Beveridge.

The Prophet.

The Prophet lived
  In a little town,
And all the people
  Cried him down.
They killed him because
  Of his dangerous views;
For I read about it
  In the Daily News.

A few years later,
  When hate was spent,
Somebody built him
  A monument;
And there were those
  Who called him clean;
For I read about it
  In a magazine.

A thousand years—
  And the rulers came
And bowed and prayed
  In the Prophet's name.
His praises rang
  Till the heavens shook;
For I read about it
  In a little Book.

—James Larkin Pearson.

BIBLE TRANSLATIONS.

It is a most amazing thing to observe the vast assortment of plain and fancy ignorance among the people on the subject of Bible translations.

Take just any of these average ignorant "good folks" and try an experiment on them. If they are acquainted with the Scriptures at all they are only acquainted with the old Authorized Version. Just show them a modern translation of the Bible or New Testament—one that reads a little different from the old King Jim translation—and the chances are ten to one that they will be terribly shocked. They will immediately warn you that it is an awful crime to change the Bible in such a way as that.

Such people do not know that the Bible was written in a foreign language to start with, and that even their old familiar King Jim version is only a translation. Show it to them in the original Hebrew and Greek, and tell them that is what the Scriptures all came from, and they will simply refuse to believe you. Show them the Wyckliffe translation or some of the early English renderings that are scarcely intelligible to the present-day reader of English, and you will have a fuss on your hands. They must have it word for word as they have always known it, or they will not have it at all. They seem to think there is something peculiarly sacred about one man-made translation, while all other man-made translations are very wicked.

Now the King Jim Bible is a good piece of literature. It has a smooth, even harmony of sound, and rolls easily over the tongue when reading. The fact that we are so well acquainted with its style gives it a certain familiar charm that we wouldn't like to entirely lose. But the fact remains that it is full of mistakes and blunders that need to be corrected. We have quite a number of recent translations that are more correct than the old one, and the public ought to be encouraged to read them more.

Truth compels me to say, however, that most of the new translations still retain some bad errors. The translators were all of the old orthodox persuasion, and they had to bend everything as much as possible to fit their pre-conceived notions. There is still room for a newer and better translation of the Bible.

PARAGRAPHS.

Why in' the thunder don't somebody ask the monkeys about it?

It looks like human statesmanship had gone to seed, and the seed have all rotted.

The man with the hoe is now digging for worms. Fishing time has come.

The wise man sometimes changes his mind, but the fool hasn't got any to change.

"Man with eleven wives is thought to be insane," says a news item. Of course he is.

The people of Pennsylvania finally got their fingers on the Old Guard flea and decided to Pinchot.

Meetings may come and meetings may go, but the Disagreement Conference goes on forever.

Nancy Astor has come out for the single standard of morals. Wonder if HER men-folks live up to it?

The various Disagreement Conferences always come in like a super-eight studhoss and go out like a lousy calf.

If a poet could only swap some of his future fame for some present bread and butter it would look more like business.

Our friend Roger Babson, the great statistical expert of Big Biz, has again uttered a remark. He says: "Presidents do not make good times." I see they don't. But why in the Sam Hill do they always SAY they will?

Look here! Doggon your time, don't you know it is very unfair to the monkeys to have this-here human race packed off on them? Wonder to me the monkeys don't sue Darwin for slander.

Pearson's Poems

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.

A mighty man of many schools,
And master of a thousand rules,
Attempted once upon a time
To make a simple little rhyme.

He knew what all the grammars teach
About the different parts of speech,
Could name and classify each part,
And say them over all by heart.

But when he would a verse produce
His knowledge wasn't any use;
Although he tried from morn till night,
It simply wouldn't measure right.

When he essayed poetic feet,
'Twas then his failure was complete;
Some feet were short and others long,
And every accent sounded wrong.

He worked a week both day and night,
And then confessed he couldn't write;
For every time he changed the verse
He only made it worse and worse.

Then I, who never went to school,
And could not quote a single rule,
Took up the scholar's broken plans,
And they were music in my hands.

I threw away each jarring note
That would not fit the singer's throat,
And substituted one of mine
That made a perfect singing line.

It came to pass, I know not how,
From early childhood until now,
My thoughts have done surprising feats
By running into measured beats.

Without the coaching and the drill
Of any formal teaching-mill,
I seem to have the poet's knack
Which nearly all the teachers lack.

Sometimes I go for days and days
Along the common vulgar ways,
But I am restless with the pain
Of songs unuttered in my brain.

Then let me take my pencil-pad
And go where quiet may be had,
And there, all dancing in their mirth,
My happy songs will come to birth.

1920—(41).

TO OUR EVOLUTIONARY ANCESTORS

O man—O monkey—tadpole—protoplasm—
Whate'er thou wert from which we evoluted—
To thee I now address this rhymed spasm
On questions long disputed.

I know not if thou hadst two legs or forty,
If thou didst walk or fly or go a-swimmin',
Or if thy skin was hairy, thick or warty,
Or like us men and women.

I know not if thy home was in the ocean,
Or high amid the forest boughs a-swinging,
Or if thy young was tended with devotion
And motherhood's soft singing.

But that's all right—I guess thou wert as happy
As we, thy children, here where time hath thrown us.
How dost thou feel to be our race's pappy?
Art thou ashamed to own us?

Thy simple life in prehistoric ages—
Of course we know it had its limitations;
Thy wars were nothing to the war that rages
Among our "Christian" nations.

With naked claws and long, protruding tushes
Thy warrior rent his bleeding foe in sunder;
Today on motor-trucks artillery rushes,
And speaks in voice of thunder.

1915—(36).

THE LAW OF THE EARTH

Life for life is the law of the earth;
Death for death is the price we pay;
Battle and bleed from the hour of birth
Back to the arms of the primal clay!

Only the seed that falls and dies
Lives again in the tender plant;
And the blood of a thousand murders cries
Through every life that the heavens grant.

The atom dies that the worm may live,
And the worm must die for the fowl to feast;
And the fowl, ere long, its life must give
To prolong the life of the hungry beast.

And then we follow the winding way,
With life and death in the mingled plan,
Till the beast his head on the block must lay
To feed the life of his master, man.

The soldiers march to the roll of drums,
And many a battle is bravely planned,
And the fight goes on till the finish comes,
And men must fall that the state may stand.

And, oh, how transient is the state!
For kingdoms crumble like the clod;
And all our works that seem so great
Are play-things in the hands of God.

1911—(32).

THE STOOPIN' APPLE-TREE

I'm a-settin' here to-day
In a sort o' lonesome way,
Kinder dreamin' o' the happy, happy time
When I used to play around
That delightful spot o' ground,
Where the sweet, enticin' apples hung in prime
I was sprightly then, an' gay,
Ere my childhood slipped away,
An' my young heart leaped exultant, proud an' free,
An' my right none dared dispute
While I picked the lovely fruit
From the branches o' the stoopin' apple-tree.

In the happy days o' yore
Stood that fruit-tree old an' hoar,
Stretchin' out its mossy branches far an' wide;
An' the little saucy wren
Lit upon them now an' then,
Pourin' forth his notes o' praise on every side.
Then the days were bright an' long,
An' my life was like a song,
An' my humble home a palace unto me;
Then my only wish an' care
Was to play at leisure there
In the shadder o' the stoopin' apple-tree.

I remember long ago,
When the day was sinkin' low,
An' the moon began to peep across the hill;
When the wood was in the shed,
An' the lamp a-burnin' red,
An' the supper-bell a-ringin' loud an' shrill.
I remember, when the night
Had expelled the glowin' light,
How I bounded off to bed in childish glee;
How the pictures in the brain
Showed themselves to me again
As I dreamed about the stoopin' apple-tree.

But those phantom hopes are flown,
An' my limbs have weary grown,
An' the wild bird's song no longer thrills my breast;
For no more mine eyes behold
That delightful place of old
Where the tenor of the day was gentle rest.
So I picture to my mind
All the words an' actions kind
In a cottage that I never hope to see;
An' the tears o' grievin' rise
In these-here old fadin' eyes
While I'm thinkin o' that stoopin' apple-tree.

1896—(17).

THE SECRET OF ATTAINMENT

When the clouds are all about you and you get to feeling blue,
And you come to the conclusion that nobody cares for you,
That's the time that you should rally all the courage that you can,
And determine, with God helping, that you mean to be a man.

Take an interest in living—champion a worthy cause,
And content yourself with little in the way of man's applause;
Then you won't be disappointed if you fail to get a raise,
And your joy will be the greater when you strike a job that pays.

Always look upon your failures with an optimistic eye;
If you'll only keep a-going you will get there by and by;
And at last when you are standing on Attainment's sunny brow,
You will feel like smiling—smiling at the things that grieve you now.

There has never been a voyage but a little gale has blown,
And there is no path of roses that will lead you to a throne;
So, my worthy friend, believe me, it is much the wiser plan
Just to pull your self together and move onward like a man.

1898—(19).

SONG OF LIFE.

Take life—the sad, the pleasing—
Whatever God hath sent—
The burning and the freezing,
And therewith be content.

The time for rain or shining
Is not for you to say;
So therefore quit your pining
And let life have its way.

If men could rule the weather
And order bloom or snow,
They all of them together
Would fill the earth with woe.

They'd find a thousand reasons
To change creation's plot—
To renovate the seasons,
And make December hot.

Take life—the kind, the cruel,
On every side you turn,
And use it all as fuel
To make love blaze and burn.

And drop your senseless notion
That nature makes mistakes;
For nature brings a lotion
For every wound she makes.

Your mission may be humble,
Your talents may be few;
Still 'tis not wise to grumble,
But simply dare and do.

And learn the truth of living—
The secret paths of peace;
Be faithful and forgiving,
And from contention cease.

1897—(18).

Being short of copy this time and not being able to write anything, I have just picked up a page of my famous "poetical works" which was already standing in type waiting for book publication. This saves writing and it saves setting type by hand, and it gives you a few samples of my poetical spasms. The pieces are all dated, and you will see that some of them were written many years ago. These are just average selections—not the best and not the worst. I have enough of such stuff to make a book of 350 or 400 pages.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

The Fool=Killer

Volume XII. Boomer, North Carolina, September, 1922. Number 5.

THERE IS NO ONE BUT HENRY FORD.

Two years from now election comes—
The time to make another choice—
To dump the present load of bums,
And listen in to reason's voice.
But who can lead us? Who's the man
To get our decent rights restored?
It seems to me that Henry can—
There is no one but Henry Ford.

We've had enough of lawyer rule,
Of hot-air artists we are sick;
We want some man who ain't a fool,
And we would like to have him quick.
We've had too many presidents
With heads as hollow as a gourd;
We want a man with business sense;
There is no one but Henry Ford.

We've had too many "pa-tri-ots"
And durn sword-rattlers on the job;
And now we want a man with lots
Of common sense to quell the mob.
We want a man who stands for peace
Who'll make a plowshare of the sword;
There's one can do it slick a grease—
There is no one but Henry Ford.

So let us all unite and sing
The praises of the flivver man,
For we are certain he can bring
Good times if anybody can.
He is a great constructive power,
But one the "statesmen" have ignored;
For leader in this trying hour
There is no one but Henry Ford.

—James Larkin Pearson.

FORD'S FOLKS NEVER STRIKE

In all this terrible strike business there is one fact that stands out like a searchlight in a fog. But I notice that the plute papers are not saying anything about it. So it becomes the duty of The Fool-Killer to give this fact to the world:

There is no strike in Henry Ford's tin lizzie shops.

There is no strike in Henry Ford's coal mine.

There is no strike on Henry Ford's railroad.

There must be a reason.

Can anybody guess what it is?

It must be because Henry treats his workers white, and gives them a chance to live like human beings ought to live. He don't try to squeeze every possible penny out of them and reduce them to slaves and serfs.

If it should be announced tomorrow morning that Henry Ford had bought every coal mine and every railroad in America, the two great strikes now in progress wouldn't last five minutes. The strikers would just begin to whistle and go right back to their work so fast it would make your head swim. They would KNOW that they were going to get fair treatment, without any confounded Labor Board to yowyow over it.

Somehow the people have just got confidence in Henry.

There must be a reason.

What's the matter with having a man like that for president?

BAB-BAB-BAB-BABYLON

Once, in the long ago, there was a great city named Babylon. The word Babylon is derived from Babel, which means "confusion." You remember the tower of Babel and how the language of the people became confused so they could not understand each other.

So the name Babylon means "confusion." The Bible talks a good deal about the great city of Babylon, and how it was finally destroyed. And then long after the real city of Babylon was in the dust, the Bible writers told about another Babylon (confusion) which was to exist in the latter days, and which was also to be destroyed. It is known as "Mystic Babylon (Rev. 17:5), and it is not a literal city like the first Babylon, but an ecclesiastical system of "confusion"—the nominal Churchanity of the world—the 1300 creeds and isms that call themselves 'Christendom and fight each other like wildcats every day in the year.

And so that is "Mystic Babylon."

In other words, "confusion."

Well, folks, I have just seen this Babylon operating in all its glory, and I want to tell you about it.

On the 12th of August, 1922, I happened to be in the town of Wilkesboro, N. C., which is the county seat of my home county, and the regular August term of court was going on. There was a big crowd in town as usual, and it was a good opportunity for the "preachers" to get somebody to listen to their ravings.

Well, just as soon as court adjourned for noon that day a bunch of Mormons took their stand on one corner of the courthouse lot and started up a song. After singing awhile one of the Mormons began to preach. I didn't hear all of his sermon, but what I heard was on the subject of "Baptism," and it was just exactly such a sermon as any Baptist preacher would get off. While I was listening to the Mormon preacher he didn't say a word that I could object to. It was just a straight ,clean argument for baptism by immersion. I suppose he talked about other things before he got through, but I didn't stay to hear it all. For when the Mormon had been going about thirty minutes I heard something else start over on another corner of the lot about thirty or forty steps away. It was a bunch of Holiness preachers starting up one of their jig tunes. I wanted to sample every kind of "preaching" on the yard, so I moved along over to Holiness headquarters. They sung two or three songs in the tune of "Casey Jones" or "Old Molly Hair," swaying and patting like a crowd of drunk niggers, and then came a prayer led by a little sawed-off fellow with a great shock of sandy hair. He got down and almost bored his nose in the dirt and shook his head till that great mop of yaller wool looked like a bundle of oats in a cyclone. He yelled out his prayer as if he thought God must be as deaf as a post and a long piece off at that. It didn't sound to me like a prayer—it sounded like a Chinese laundryman quarrelling with a customer over the price of a lost collar button.

Well, the prayer was finally finished, and while the sawed-off fellow was getting his breath a tall pleasant-looking fellow with black hair got up and started to make the preach come. He didn't seem to have much education and couldn't pronounce some of his words right, but he had a pleasant face and a very agreeable manner about him. Whether you agreed with what he said or not you couldn't help liking the fellow.

And so he started in to preach on "Baptism." Over on the other side of the square the Mormon was still beating the air, and every little while one of his high notes would come across to us like a tin whistle cussing a brass band. But by this time the Mormon didn't have much of a crowd, for the Holiness could make more noise, and that's what it takes to draw the crowd.

But as I was saying, the Holiness preacher started in on Baptism, and I wish I may get rich if he didn't preach the very identical sermon the Mormon was preaching from A to Izzard. But while they were preaching the same sermon and advocating the very same kind of baptism, they were pointing the finger of scorn at each other and making slighty remarks back and forth

Well, the Mormon had milked nearly all the preach out of himself ,and the Holiness man had just begun to give it down good, when lo and behold, I saw a third man bob up on the other side of the lot and cut loose to singing in a tone of voice that sounded like pouring clabbered agony out of a jug. The third man was a regular Baptist sky-pilot who has not permitted a new idea to step across the threshold of his mind in the past forty years. But ideas are not necessary to a Baptist preacher (nor to most of the others, for that matter), and so this man is recognized as one of the bang-up-est preachers in the whole Baptist lay-out.

Well, pretty soon Rev. Mr. Baptist finished his song and opened his Bible to read. He read about where the wicked are going to be turned into ASHES, and then he started in to preach a sermon on eternal torment and a few more equally absurd things. He didn't happen to get started on Baptism ,but if he had he would have preached the very identical sermon that the other two had been preaching. I know positively that he believed it just as they had both preached it ,and so the harmony ought to have been six feet deep all over the courthouse square. But it wasn't . The Baptist preacher got up there and just bawled out everything on the hill. He talked ugly about the Mormons, and he pointed across to the Holiness folks and called them the devil's servants. They pointed back at him and said things that didn't sound very affectionate.

Now just look at that picture.

Just stop and think.

There were three bunches of alleged "Christians," all pretending to love and serve the same God, all claiming to preach the same Christ; all directing people to the same heaven; all warning them to flee like scared rabbits from the same hell. And yet they were there butting into each other's meetings and manifesting the spirit of a hog that wants to root every other hog away from the feed-trough. They wouldn't wait for each other, and they wouldn't treat each other with even decent respect. Their minds and hearts were set against each other and filled with the most bitter hate and jealousy.

Now if these men had been three rival shoe drummers or automobile salesmen, they would not have butted in on each other that way. Even in secular business they would have had more respect for each other. Business courtesy would have made one wait till the other got through. But there is no business courtesy nor any other kind of courtesy among Babylon's preachers.

I walked around there and listened to it all for nearly two hours, I suppose, and this thought came to my mind: If the God of heaven is looking down upon the courthouse square at Wilkesboro today, I wonder what He thinks? Is it possible that God could accept ANY of that stuff as true religious worship? I think not.

And so there is a perfect picture of modern "Babylon," the great system of confusion and error that must soon fall. If these Babylon preachers had the TRUTH there would not be such confusion. If they would just read The Fool-Killer they would get their eyes open.

Poor old Babylon.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

Reduced Rates

Well, folkses, I have decided to risk my chances on putting The Fool-Killer back to its old price. Print paper is still costing me twice as much as it did before the war; but the general trend of prices is downward, and I want to give my readers the benefit of all possible reduction, because I know times are hard and money scarce.

So please tell everybody you see and send word to the rest that they can now get The Fool-Killer again at the old price—25 cents for a single susbcription, or 15 cents each in clubs of five or more at one time.

Now please rush in the subs like you did in the old days, and I'll do my level best to keep 'em awake.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this rag of reform.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor, and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will, and that settles it.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, N. C.

IDIOTORIALS.

We may never get peace, but we will keep on fighting for it.

It is hard to tell which is the more expensive, the war or the peace conferences.

But what if some of the booze ships should come within the three mile limit?

A specialist is just any common cobbler who has got the nerve to charge more.

A Labor Board composed entirely of capitalists is like making a gold watch out of pewter.

Girls would probably not marry such sorry men if there were any better men to choose from'.

If doctors really could cure sickness they would soon work themselves out of a job.

Letting the Labor Board settle it would be like letting the cat draw the plans for the mouse's nest.

If you can tell why Henry Ford never has any strikes, then you are beginning to get your eyes open. Try it.

A "quack" doctor who can cure you is a doggon sight better than a "real" doctor who can't. What is it you want, anyhow?

Penrose will turn over in his grave if he finds out what has happended to his political machine.

Taking a seat at one of these-here Disagreement Conferences is sorter like trying to sit down on a boil without hurting the chair.

And then again, it might help some if President Hardtimes would get a job in the movies. Looks like Hays could find a place for him.

The Republican bosses at Washington are making another effort to whitewash "Senator" Huckleberry. Sorter like putting perfume on a pig.

If all the breath that has been wasted in talking about Tariff had been put to some good use we would all be so rich that we wouldn't need any tariff. O gab-trap, thy other name is Humbug.

Every crime that is committed these days is immediately packed off on Labor. Of course the malefactors of great wealth never committed any crimes. Wow!

A new college in North Carolina has been named after Woodrow Wilson. Lord help it. What can a college amount to with such a millstone as that hung around its neck?

One disadvantage about being a war corespondent in China is that on account of China's great size the wars often get lost and you can't find them.

HAVE SOME MANNERS

An industrious publishing concern up in Yankee Doodle is sending out car loads of advertising about a new book on Etiquette. They will send you the book free for about three dollars, and if you don't like the book you may keep it anyhow. It will tell you more perfectly good lies about yourself than you could think up in a month of Sundays.

If there is a belt slipping somewhere in your social machinery this book will point out the place and tell you how to fix it. I have not conferred this great blessing upon myself yet, but I have learned just from reading the advertising literature that I am 248,000 miles behind the times in a society sense. I never have known how to do anything right. In the first place, I didn't know how to be born. If I had only possessed one of these books before I was born I might have discovered that all the "best people' of sawsiety are very careful to be born rich. That is the first and most important thing. Then the next thing an unborn person should look out for is to be born with a plentiful supply of good looks. You better put in your order for the good looks about three generations ahead, because the supply is short and you have to be right on the job or you won't get any at all.

It don't matter anything about brains. Sawdust will do just as well. In modern sawsiety there is less demand for brains than for anything else.

This great masterpiece on manners goes on to explain the different uses that can be found for the knot on top of your neck, one of which is to keep your collar from slipping off. It also goes on to prove by the Greek Rithmatic that the gap in the front side of your head can be used as a gate-way for cuss-words and cabbage.

Armed with this book, you need never to make a mistake in eating. People who have heretofore poked their food in at their ears will find this book very useful.

When you are introduced to a stranger, consult this book and learn that you must not pick up his foot and shake it. To do so might cause him to fall backwards and hurt the ground.

In the matter of courtship and marriage there has never been anything to equal this book. It proves by the law of optical delusion that all women are fools to start with, or they never would marry such things as men. It also refers you to chapter and verse in the medical almanac to prove that it takes two to get married anyhow.

According to this book there is no law against wearing a few clothes if you have formed the habit of doing so. But while the law does not forbid wearing clothes ,the female fashions are more and more against it.

I don't see how in the world any of us have lived as long as we have without this book on Etiquette. Do you?

"BEAT-HELL-A-GUESSIN'."

The more I watch the fool capers of the so-called astronomers the more thoroughly I am convinced that they know nothing and not very much of that.

For instance.

About two years ago one Prof. Michaelson, of the University of Chicago, What-a-noise, came out with a great yarn about a big star that he had been playing with. He called it Betelguesse, or something like that. He said that he had just discovered or invented a new method of measuring the exact distance, size, weight, etc., of the fixed stars. His method was absolute, and he could tell you to the fraction of a flea's foot.

Well, he begun by measuring Betelguesse, and it was 214 million miles and nine inches in diameter. Supposing the earth's alleged orbit to be a solid ring 186 million miles across, this star couldn't be dropped through that orbit, but would hang out over it all around like a fat man's belly over the top of his breeches. In other words, the distance straight through that star was more than twice as far as it is supposed to be from the earth to the sun. And if our sun was held up beside that star it would look like a sick lightning-bug hitched up with a searchlight.

And distance? Great day in the morning! Why, that star was so far away there wasn't any danger of Rockefeller discovering oil on it, and it would require 50,000 years for its light to reach the earth, and by that time we would all be dead and gone to Congress or some other bad place.

Well, now!

Here comes another wise astronomer who says the other wise astronomer missed it further than he shot at it. He states it as a positive fact, and as the latest discovery of science, that Prof. Michaelson's great Betelguesse is not a hundredth part as big as he said it was. In fact, this second wise man thinks it may not be much bigger than a hoss-apple, and if he had a little longer pole he might punch it down.

Now, doggon it, what are we going to do? Our big star that we have been bragging about has swunk till it ain't hardly respectable any more. When the wisest astronomers can't get any closer than that in their calculations, how can they expect us common plugs to believe anything they say?

But anyhow, this circumstance throws some light on the meaning of the name Betelguesse. It is a German word and means that the wise astronomers can "Beat-hell-aguessin'."

I see where a preacher is quoted as saying that hell is seven times hotter than common fire, and that heaven is the very opposite of hell. According to that sort of figuring it seems that heaven would be about 200 degrees below zero. That being the case, if anybody gets there they will freeze to death.

DIFFERENCES.

A man of the world may differ with me,
And I may differ with him;
But neither of us will kick up a fuss
And break a head or a limb.

The man of the world is a liberal man,
And he wants to treat me right;
He can argue awhile, and quit with a smile,
But he ain't much bad to fight.

The man of the church is so awfully good
That he ain't got time to be kind;
If you cross him a bit he will fly in a fit
And give you a piece of his mind.

If you doubt what he says about heaven above,
Or question his notions of hell,
He will dance all around and paw up the ground,
And call you an infidel.

The churchman boasts of his own good deeds,
And the virtues he never had:
The man with a creed is a model for speed
When the object is getting mad.

—James Larkin Pearson.

"WE BELIEVE THE BIBLE"

Ask a Baptist what he believes, and he will say:

"I believe just what the Bible says."

Ask a Methodist.

Same answer.

Ask a Presbyterian.

Same answer.

Ask a Unitarian, a Quaker, a Catholic, a Mormon, a Holy Roller, and Adventist, or what not, and you always get the same answer—

"I believe just what the Bible says."

Well, they don't, and that's all there is to it. They are no doubt honest in believing what they THINK it says, but they certainly do get a lot of different understandings about it.

And we know they are not all right.

Yet one is just as honest as another.

What are we to do?

Who must we follow?

In the midst of such a Babel of teachings, and all so different, how is anybody to know what is right?

While all these different crowds THINK they are following the Bible alone, they are in fact following some leader who has gotten up a set of beliefs ABOUT the Bible.

And so if I want to get what help I can from the leader who seems to me most wise and capable, how have these other gangs got any right to kick?

Not one person in a thousand believes the Bible. They only believe what some person has taught them ABOUT the Bible. And the religious prejudice all over the world makes it next to impossible for anybody to find out what the truth really is.

The present Republican Congress knows just about as much about Tariff as a hog knows about making soap.

ABRAHAM IN HIS OWN BOSOM

"The Son of God gives the scenic and climatic demonstration of the survival of the soul after death. He shows us a certain rich man, the beggar Lazarus, and Abraham. All three are in Hell—that is to say, Hades—the underworld—the abode of the disembodied dead. Abraham and Lazarus are in that portion reserved for the righteous, called by our Lord both "Abraham's bosom" and Paradise."—I. M. Haldeman, D. D.

Well, I'll be hang-taked! Wish I may die if he hasn't put Abraham in his own bosom! If that don't just cork anything I ever saw! Abraham cuddled up in Abraham's bosom! Can you imagine anything more silly? But that's just the kind of difficulties they always get themselves into.

And that ain't the worst of it yet. Haldeman says that this alleged "underworld" is the abode of the "disembodied dead." That must mean not only that the bodies are dead, but that the things which are disembodied are also dead. Then Abraham's soul and Lazarus' soul were dead. And if Lazuras' disembodied dead soul had any finger it must have been a disembodied finger. Then what kind of water was it that the rich man wanted? It must have been disembodied water. And how much disembodied water do you suppose would stick to the disembodied finger of a dead soul? Then again, it must have been disembodied fire that was parching the disembodied tongue of the rich man's disembodied dead soul.

Great flying lizzards! Ain't that a purty mess? And yet the author of that mess is supposed to be a great preacher. How strange it is that people will listen to the insane rantings of such an infernal idiot!

THE SOUL OF A SEED

Somebody has sent me a pamphlet gotten up by an Orthodoctor named Grant, and I notice one place in it where the eminent Orthodoctor has let his prejudice run away with his reason on the question of whether people are still alive after death, and whether death means extinction of being or not. Referring to 1st Cor. 15:36, he says:

"The seed dies to produce the harvest, but does it become extinct?"

I answer that it WOULD become extinct if there was not Nature's resurrection to bring it to life again. Some seeds put into the ground fail to germinate! they merely die and rot, and they certainly do become extinct. But let's look at the seed that germinates and grows and produces a harvest . While that seed is in the ground (before its resurrection) is any part of that seed up in heaven waiting to come back and get its old hull when the time comes for the seed to grow? Most assuredly there is not. The seed in its wholeness and entirety went into the ground and it all lay there in complete unconsciousness until Nature's annual resurrection life began to work and produce in it a new life. And when for any reason, a seed fails to germinate, the whole seed decays and becomes extinct and that is the last of it. There is not a place of torment away off in some other part of the world where the souls of bad seeds will be kept alive and tormented eternally.

But, you will say, "That illustration don't fit the case of human beings." Well, if it don't, what in all creation did you drag it into the argument for? I say it does fit it.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

Somebody at Taylorsville, North Carolina, felt called upon to write an "answer" to my June theological article, "What Does Jesus Christ Amount To, Anyway?" The answer was rather long and very full of the old stock "references" that are relied upon to prove the immortality of the soul, eternal torment, etc.

I read the article and looked at the end for the name of the writer, but there wasn't any sign of a name. The writer who knew so much about the Bible didn't know enough to sign his own name to his article.

Well, I couldn't use the article without any name to it, and so I fired it back to the postmaster at Taylorsville with the request that the writer be located if possible and his name sent by wireless freight.

The postmaster hunted all over Taylorsville and all over the woods of Alexander county, but he couldn't find anybody who would confess that he had been foolish enough to try to argue against The Fool-Killer. The article came sneaking back to this office and said, "I went in search of my daddy, but couldn't find him."

And so it seems that one great "theologian" is plum lost in the woods.

Some people accuse me of being against the preachers. Well, I am not. I am only against some of their foolish doctrines. If the preachers will lay aside their Dark Age nonsense and preach things that have some sense and reason about them I will never say another word against the preachers.

One of the plutishly-inclined paragraph writer calls Henry Ford's attention to the fact that even while Johndee Rocky was the richest man in the world he never kidded himself with the idea that he would make a good president of the United States. Well, I reckon not. Because he wouldn't. But Henry Ford would. That's the diff.

A "fool theory" that will work and produce results is a long ways ahead of the "scientific rule" that wont work.

STRIKE, STRUCK, STRICKEN!

At this writing the great coal strike has been going on so long that most of us have forgot when it started. But because it has been summer time and nobody suffering with cold it has not mattered so much.

But now we see winter poking its head over the hill. Just a little while and the chill will be in the air. People will need coal to keep them warm, and then the coal strike will really begin to hurt—if they don't get it settled before then.

Also there is the great railroad strike which at this writing has been going about eight weeks and seems to be getting bigger and more threatening all the time.

Everybody who has studied the situation knows that the striking railroad workers have ample reason for striking, and they now seem determined to do a complete job while they are at it. They know that if they surrender an inch now it will put them in a worse fix than ever.

All that talk about leaving it to the Railroad Labor Board is nonsense. The strikers know, and we all know, that the Railroad Labor Board is packed against the workers and always ready to give the operators the big end of the bargain.

And that's what we mean when we talk about labor trouble. The workers of the world are tired of being run over, and in recent years they are beginning to demand a few rights. And these demands are being denied by the powers that be, and that is causing the trouble. It is just God's way of letting human government destroy itself.

WHERE IS BRUCE CALVERT?

Six or seven years ago I conducted for awhile a rather intimate correspondence with a writing man by the name of Bruce Calvert. Bruce was the editor of a little monthly 'zinelet called "The Open Road." It was one of the few publications that I read from kiver to kiver as soon as it arrived. It was original and interesting.

Bruce Calvert was a radical in politics ,religion, education, and everything else, so far as I could observe. He had already made a considerable rep as a writer, and belonged, I think, to Hubbard's "Academy of the Immortals."

Of course he was an Agnostic—most people would probably say Infidel. I was not. And I reckon that was the cause of our drifting apart.

I had expected Bruce Calvert to make a big noise in the literary world before now. But I have not heard the noise, and I am a little bit disappointed. Anyhow, Bruce seemed to be one of the "understanding souls," and I regret having lost him. Does anybody know the whereabouts of Bruce Calvert?

REPUBLICAN PRAYER

O mighty President Hardtimes, thou who wast elected 2 years ago by seven million majority, but who couldst not be elected for dog-catcher today, we come before thy mighty muchness in an attitude of great flatness, beseeching thee to tell us which end of the political poker is the hottest. For behold we have tried both ends and the middle, and get burnt every time, and O Master Hardtimes, we want to know if thou hast any political plasters that will make our burns quit hurting.

Master Hardtimes, we still love thee, but it is about the most disagreeable loving we ever tried to do. If we ever do get through with this job of loving thee, durn our skins if we ever take another such a job.

Thou knowest, O Master, that we have tried to dance to thy music, but thou hast played so blamed bad that we can't tell when to dance and when to not dance. And some of us don't feel much like dancing on an empty stomach nohow.

Hang-take it, Master Hardtimes, thou knowest how we lied for thee in the last campaign. Thou knowest how we told the people that thou wast a 1920 model McKinley, with all the latest attachments, and that thou wouldst cause the Benited States to blossom like a gourd vine and bear forty-leven kinds of peace and prosperity on every limb. We promised that thou wouldst make flitter-trees grow in every man's yard, and all the leaves on the bushes would be ten-dollar bills.

But O what a mess thou hast made of it! Thou hast led us deeper and deeper into the mire, and hast got us so confused and bewildered that we don't know which way to turn. And it begins to look as if thou dost not know any more about it than the rest of us.

O Master, why dost thou not open thy face and utter some red hot remarks about the kussed primary system? Hast thou not noticed what it is doing for thee and thy Old Guard in nearly every State where a primary is held? Thou knowest that the primary makes it more difficult and expensive for us to buy the offices . Why dost thou not lead us back to the good old convention system where we could have Newberryism to our heart's content?

What art thou going to do about the bonus question? And how art thou going to save enough money to subsidize Mr. Lasker's boot-leg fleet? And why is it that thou art willing to give Mr. Lasker a subsidy and not willing to give Mr. Ford a subsidy?

And, O Master Hardtimes, just look at the strike situation. What dost thou propose to do about that? We see in the papers that thou art going to hand it over to Congress, and we guess Congress will hand it back to thee. We think it is thy intention to keep very busy doing nothing until after the fall election. Thou knowest that thou wilt have enough to answer for even without making any more breaks. And since everything that thou doest here of late is a break, we pray thee to sit down and play with thy toes awhile.

We notice, O Master, that some folks are bothering about the conditions in Europe. But we advise thee to pay no attention to Europe, at least not until thou hast learned how to manage thy own country.

Now hear us, we beseech thee, O Master Hardtimes, and let us know what thou thinkest about all these things. If thou art still leading us, where in the devil art thou leading us to? And how much longer is it going to be before we get there?

Please ship these blessings by freight and send bill. Amen.

STAND-PAT REPUBLICANS.

LETTER FROM A MONKEY

Dear Mr. Editor:

Will you give space in your paper for a regular blue-blooded aristocratic monkey to say a few words? I see in the papers that you human folks have got up a terribly hot argument on the question of Evolution, and I want you all to understand that we monkeys are interested in that. When it comes to bringing such awful charges against our noble monkey race as some of your scientists have done, it is time for us to speak up and defend ourselves.

I see that a man by the name of Darwin has made the statement that all you forked things with shoes on can trace your ancestral line back to us monkeys. And according to the best information I can get, all your scholars of the present day accept the Darwin theory and claim that the proof of it is too strong to be denied.

Being an educated monkey, I have studied Darwin and his followers pretty carefully myself, and I admit that they put up some very plausible arguments. Some of their statements are no doubt very convincing to the limited mentality of a mere human, but to the stronger intellect of a monkey they are as flimsy as cobwebs.

And now, Mr. Editor, with your kind permission, I shall now proceed to give your readers a few monkey reasons why the Darwin theory cannot be true.

In the first place, monkeys are peaceable folks. We never invented gunpowder and submarines, poison gas and TNT. We have never had a great world war among us and butchered up and starved twenty million monkeys just to humor the whim of a half-dozen monkey kaisers. We have got more sense than that. We hardly ever get sick if left alone. It is only when taken captive and kept in your human society that we pine away and die prematurely. Therefore we have no use for doctors and drug stores, hospitals and hot water bottles. We have never had a law suit over a line fence, and we don't need a great army of monkey lawyers to protect our personal interests from other monkeys. We have got more sense than that. We don't drink corn likker nor smoke cigars, chew tobacco nor dip snuff. We have more self-respect than to touch those nasty things.

And then again—and this is one of my strongest points—we monkeys do not commit sin. We never have to be threatened with hell-fire to keep us straight. We don't need the services of a million monkey preachers continually trying to drag us into heaven by the hair of the head. We are not afraid of any devil with horns and forked hoofs, and the hell that your preachers talk so much about has no terrors for us.

We monkeys don't have to make money in order to live. We don't have to sweat in old dirty factories nor sit humped up all day counting column after column of foolish figures on paper. We know how to get along and live our lives in peace without so much bother, and I'll bet five bushels of cocoanuts against your store teeth that we get more enjoyment out of life than you do.

Now you take all these evil things that I have mentioned—including sin and the fear of hell—and you will notice that they are confined to the human race exclusively. We monkeys are not bothered with them at all. If you men had half as much sense as we monkeys have got you surely could see that there is no blood relation between us. Our way of living is simple and satisfactory, while yours is very complicated and very unsatisfactory. The differences are much greater than the resemblances, and therefore any attempt to prove a common origin is bound to end in failure.

One more point and I'm done. We monkeys want you humans to understand that we consider it an insult to our noble monkey race for anybody to even insinuate that we are the ancestors of such critters as kaiser Bill and Wodpile Wilson, Rocky D. Oilyfeller and President Hardtimes.

Now, Mr. Editor, if this isn't enough proof, and if your wise men are still unable to see the point, I will write again.

Yours truly,
CHIMPAN Z. MONKEY.

"BLUETS and BUTTERCUPS"

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor.

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.

HUNTING FOR THE "MISSING LINK."

Ever since Adam and Eve was a little boy this doggon human race has been trying to find out where it came from, where it is going, and what it will do when it gets there.

A few thousand years ago there was a man named Moses who wote some ancient history, and his version of the matter seemed to satisfy the world for a long while. But modern science began to get inquisitive and wanted to know more about it than Moses has seen fit to tell. Modern science therefore applied the toe of its number ten to that part of Uncle Mose which came in contact with chairs and benches ,and now he is almost a back number.

And that's why the American Museum of Natural History and the American Asiatic Association have sent a bunch of scientific fellers, under the lead of Roy Chapman Andrews, into the heart of Asia to discover the "missing link." They are going to be gone about five years, and during that time they expect to capture the missing link dead or alive, and thus put the stamp of authority on the theories of Darwin.

They haven't found any missing link yet, but they are rooting after it in the sands of the desert like fourteen yaller pigs rooting for a sweet tater.

The latest report is that they have found the fossil bones of a dinosaur just like the ones we used to raise in the Rocky Mountains. And they say that indicates that they are on a hot trail, because it shows that animal life started in that particular spot and spread all over the world. Just why it could not have been started at some other point and spread to that place deponent sayeth not. And just what the bones of a mammoth lizzard have got to do with the human race is not exactly clear. But I suppose they will write a set of twenty-nine fat volumes and explain all these things when they get back home with enough missing links to make a chain of evidence to prove that Moses didn't root deep enough into the sands of the desert.

But then suppose they do find a missing link between the human and the animal, what evidence can they give that man crossed over to this side from the animal tribe? Why isn't it just as likely that the monkey and gorillas might have degenerated downward from the human race? A bridge that can be crossed in one direction can usually be crossed in the other direction. And since it is the common tendency of everything to go downward—to degenerate from bad to worse—it seems reasonable that man might have "deviluted" downward to the monkey, rather than that the monkey evoluted upward into man.

All right ,boys! Go ahead and find your missing link, but be careful which end of it you take hold of.

The Fool-Killer

Volume XII. Boomer, North Carolina, October, 1922. Number 6.

KNOWLEDGE.

We know the distance to the sun,
 And what Uranus weighs;
Can figure how the planets run,
 And where the comet stays.
But we can't trace an unkind word
 Through all its evil course;
Nor make amends to those who heard,
 Nor check its deadly force.

We know how far a ray of light
 Can travel in a year;
Can analyze it in its flight,
 And make its meaning clear.
But we can't follow up a smile
 And see how far it shines,
Nor estimate it by the mile
 In radiating lines.

The moon is but an open book
 For everyone to know,
And on her pitted face we look
 And read her tale of woe.
But there are faces seamed with care
 That pass us every day;
We don't know what their owners bear,
 Nor what they'd like to say.

We visit with our neighbor Mars,
 As all good neighbors should;
Throw kisses at the Seven Stars
 And tell them to be good.
But we don't visit with the folks
 That live across the street,
Nor help them bear their heavy yokes,
 Nor ask them in to eat.

Beyond our telescopic eyes,
 By gravity's decree,
We get position, weight and size
 Of words we cannot see.
But, oh, we do not try to find
 The secret hidden pain
That rankles in some quiet mind
 That never does complain.

We know the age-long wonder-tale
 Of Saturn and her rings,
And follow Neptune's awful trail,
 As on through space she swings.
But we don't know the bitter grief
 Our next-door neighbors bear;
And just to make it very brief,
 'Tis little that we care.

We know the big things far away,
 That don't concern us much;
But we're not interested, I say,
 In things that we can touch.
I think we ought to meddle less
 With things far off and grand,
And try to put some extra stress
 On little things at hand.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

Every little while some hit dog will howl all over a sheet of paper to tell me that he don't like The Fool-Killer. Well, if he don't like it, what in the thunder does he read it for?

The Dummycats are saying there is lack of leadership at Washington. That's a fact. And there was lack of leadership in the Dummycat party two years ago.

Columbus called this a "dry land" when he first saw it, but he just ought to see it now.

I OBJECT

A writer in The Literary Digest is getting all nervous and fidgety for fear some stray world wandering through space may happen to butt into the earth and snuff us all out in a jiffy. His fears seem to founded on Einstein's new theory of Relativity, which is said to make collisions more probable than the old theory.

I notice that when the astronomers talk about these things they have nothing more substantial than "theories" to build on. For a long time it was the "Coperanican theory," and now it is the "Einstein theory," and a few years later it will be some other "theory", and if they ever do find the truth it may be as different from all the "theories" as day is from night.

The above-mentioned writer, in discussing the "end of the world" through a possible collision in space gets off this wise remark:

> "Mathematical studies made in the past have been reassuring, but the millennialists are now more justified ing predicting doom than they were in the past."

That paragraph shows how big a fool any man can be when he tries to discuss something he knows nothing about. The Digest writer may know all about the present "theories" of astronomy, but he certainly is green on theology. He knows no more about what millennialists have predicted than a steer calf knows about piano tuning.

Who ever heard of a millennialist predicting the destruction of the earth as the first step in his program? Why, man, the millennialists need the earth in their business, and they are the very people who do NOT expect the earth to be destroyed.

Just suppose, now, that the Millennium should come and find the earth all blotted out and gone, so it couldn't find any place to roost when it got here. Wouldn't that be a purty come-off? The Millennium would have to bundle up its duds and ramble off in earch of some other planet where it might find board and lodging. And in the meantime we people of the earth would plum miss it.

That don't suit me nary bit, and I am going to register a vigorous protest against any such business. I warn Mr. Einstein right now that he had better not let his old Relativity destroy this earth, 'cause then I wouldn't have any place to run The Fool-Killer.

That woman who is going to marry Kaiser Bill will never have any trouble about stovewood. They say Bill just beats the dickens as a wood cutter.

WHEN THE NATIONS GET RELIGION

No teling what the situation will be by the time this paper reaches you, but for the past two or three weeks the Allies and Turkey have been facing each other with drawn swords just ready to strike. One day the report is that they are about to get the trouble settled, and the next day it is worse than ever. It is generally understood that if they do strike it will start another great world war. All the nations know this, and they are afraid to strike the first blow, and yet they know the blow is going to be struck by somebody.

Four years after the Armistice the world is in a more troubled and unsettled condition than it was in November, 1918. The bankrupt nations are full of selfishness and bitterness, each one knowing that its doom is sealed, and yet trying desparately to keep its head above the water by climbing on top of the others.

I did hope that the nations would have learned their lesson before now. I did hope that by this time they would all be meek and humble and willing to do right. But they are not.. It seems that nations learn very slowly. Even the so-called "Christian" nations are just as selfish and brutal as the devil wants them to be, and the only thing that any of them are yet willing to consider is an appeal to brute force.

But, boys, that will never settle the world's troubles. It has been tried long enough. The nations will have to get down on their knees in the dust of humility and "get religion" in good earnest. I don't mean that they must just pretend to get religion like so many individuals do. They must really and truly have their national hearts cleansed and purified. I don't mean that individuals of the nations must do this, but the nations THEMSELVES must do it AS nations, through their various and sundry official heads. And if they DON'T do it, and do it immediately, it will not be long till they will not have any heads, nor tails either.

God Almighty has set in to clean up this little patch of ground that we call the earth, and He is not going to be outdone by the Turks, nor the British, nor the French, nor the Greeks, nor anybody else. If they go on at their present game of trying to bluff each other, the very thing that they depend on for their safety is going to destroy them.

And that is just what will happen.

God could send along some great upheaval of nature and finish the job in a few minutes. But it seems that his plan is to let the nations destroy themselves. He is going to give men every opportunity to see and be convinced that they CAN'T run the world any longer, and then when they get right plum good and humble He will step in and run it for them.

But how much longer is it going to take—and how much more war is it going to take—to get them humble?

That is the question.

RADIO HASH

All right, folks!

Here is the latest.

I have just got my new Radio outfit rigged up in my gold-plated sanctum, but haven't yet mastered the art of "tuning" it correctly, and here is the first thing I got over the ether waves. Two speakers were holding forth at the same time— a Hardshell preacher at Pumpkin Run, and a Democratic candidate for sheriff at Frog Level. And here is what I got:

"Firstly, brethering and sistering, we want to consider the great question of the salvation of our immortal tariff for revenue only as laid down by the inspired writers of the New Testocratic Handbook for 1920. Amen! Brethering, it makes my heart bleed to see so many poor souls going down to that awful Republican tariff which will cost the American citizens endless eternity for the next two years. We must get our hearts right with God and a Democratic congress at the next election. This blessed book tells us that we must forsake our sins and make our callings and my election for sheriff absolutely certain. If the Democratic members of this church will read their Bibles and pray without confidence in what the Republicans say, there will be a great outpouring of the Democratic spirit, and when the sheep and goats are separated in November, they will all be found standing on the right hand of a Democratic sheriff world without end. Amen! Hurrah for our side!"

And now Thanksgiving doth approach. And it do seem like the world is going to have Turkey or Turkey is going to have the world, one or tuther. Thud! Ouch! Whose head was that?

SATAN'S "TRINITY."

L. D. Barnes.

There are three that are recorded in hell: the world, the flesh and the devil; and these are one in purpose. And there are three that bear witness in earth: big business, big politics and big church; and these three agree in everything with the other three.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

James Larkin Pearson - - - -Editor
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA

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Be careful to write your own name and address plainly ,and direct all letters and make all orders payable

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-seventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this rag of reform.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor, and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will, and that settles it.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, N. C.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for Oct, 1922:

Editor, Managing Editor, Bus.Mgr., Publisher and Sole Owner—James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 1st day of Oct., 1922.

Mattie F. Greer, P.M.

My commission expires 192

ECONOMY'S HIND FOOT!

Confound it!

I hope that ain't cussing. If it is, it will just have to go. Confound it! Hang-take it! Doggon it! I got it said, anyhow.

In the above remarks I have tried to faintly suggest how I feel about the unspeakably ungrateful conduct of the administration in its treatment of the soldier boys.

As an excuse for vetoing the bonus bill, President Hardtimes brings up the plea of "economy." The government already has so many obligations, and the world is in such a bad fix, that we can't afford to pay the boys anything.

Economy, the dickens! When they were called on to go and suffer and perhaps give their lives in a foreign war, it would have been "economy" to them if they could have stayed at home. But there wasn't any economy considered then, except the pinch-gutted economy which allowed them only one dollar a day for bearing all the risks and sufferings of war, while the durn profiteers and grafters sat safely in their offices and raked in their millions.

There wasn't any "economy" considered when the government was paying forty and fifty times the real worth of things and giving it all to the grafters.

No "economy" about building a fleet of 250 wooden ships that never were used, at a cost of many millions, and then selling them for less than one cent on the dollar.

When the war ended, billions of dollars' worth of supplies and food-stuffs remained on hand, and these things were dumped into the hands of the rich speculators at a fraction of a cent on the dollar. If the government wanted to give things away, it might just as well have given them to the people who needed them. No "economy" about that.

No sir, there has not been one drotted bit of economy practiced in this whole bloody business except what has been practiced on the soldier boys themselves. But dog my cats if they ain't had it rubbed in good and plenty all along the line. One pitiful little dollar a day for doing a job that the durned money-grabbers wouldn't have tackled to save the whole world from the devil.

And promises of great things when they got back home—if they ever lived to get back. Why, to hear 'em tell it then, they were going to build every soldier a marble palace as big as Solomon's temple, feed him on angel-cake and humming-bird brains, give him six automobiles and about a dozen of the purtiest wives you ever laid eyes on. Gosh, he was going to swim in luxury and be worshipped like a prince.

Yes, it was easy to blow hot air and make promises then. But when paying time comes around, the only thing we can hear is "economy."

Blame-take it, if the government had used a little more economy in other things it would not now have to be so rotten stingy with the men who went and made the world safe for the plutes.

Say, boys, don't you want to go back over there and fight Turkey and get some more promises?

Amen!
Glory Hallelugy!

TOM WATSON IS DEAD

The only and original Tom Watson, of Georgia, is dead.

Don't laugh, please.

There is nothing funny about that.

It is a fact, and not a joke.

Tom is dead.

He has turned in his last "copy," written his last book, made his last speech in the Senate, and shaken his auburn-gray locks for the last time.

His life has been a stormy and a strenuous one, swinging back and forth between defeat and victory.

He has been intensely loved and intensely hated.

He was a man of supurlatives any way you took him.

He was a great scholar, a great lawyer, agreat orator, a great author and absolutely without fear.

I didn't always agree with him, but I admired his genius and his courage.

He was just the type of man that the world has always crucified and then deified.

The people who want to stand in with the reactionaries and the plutes have always tried to poke fun at Tom Watson. They have tried to make him out a little insignificant spit-fire who didn't matter much nohow.

But the daily paper that brought me the first news of his death recorded a mightly sudden change of attitude toward him. He was no longer "that old Tom Watson—he was the "great Senator Watson, of Georgia." The flags about the Capitol are to be half-masted for thirty days in his honor. Imagine anything being done at Washington to honor him while he lived! They would rather have spit in his face, and in fact he was openly insulted on the floor of the Senate two days before he died. At Washington and elsewhere over the country his enemies did everything in their power to make his life miserable. But he was great enough to surmount it all, and he died in the harness at the zenith of his glory.

Now the papers that have bitterly abused him for years will be full of sloppy and sickening editorials in his praise.

What miserable hypocrites we are!

But for Tom the fight is finished.

He enjoyed reading the Fool-Killer, but he will not read it any more.

Good-bye, Tom.
See you later.

Because of too much fire in her neighborhood, Greece has melted.

LOCALS FROM FOOLVILLE

Mr. Hiram Hamestring is fixing to build a new barn. He says the rats are so crowded in his old barn that he is afraid they will die if they don't get more room.

Miss Helen Highwater happened to a very terrible accident one day last week. She went out walking with her best fellow, and the dress she wore was made of cotton goods. All at once she noticed that she was plum naked, and discovered that the boll wevils had eaten her dress off.

Miss Mirandy Meatskin, the beautiful and accomplished cook of the Spraddledink family, has recently had her hair bobbed. She says bobbed hair has two advantages—it's the style, and then if a hair gets in the cooking it isn't long enough to choke anybody.

Old uncle Ben Rasberry has ordered him a new tin wash-pan from Sears-Roebuck. If it comes before cold weather sets in, Uncle Ben says he will borrow a cake of soap and wash his feet.

Dad Burnett fell off a fodder-stack several days ago and knocked out a tooth. He was awfully pleased, because it was one that needed pulling, anyhow.

Gus Griggsby, the enterprising hardware man of Foolville says he will have to put in a new supply of horse-shoes next spring, as the ones he has had ever since 1908 are so near worn out that they won't do to pitch any more. It has been suggested that the boys might try pitching old Ford tires.

A big automobile full of people ran off the bridge at Horneyhead Creek last Sunday, but nobody was hurt. It ran off at the end.

A little girl fell into Sank Sodapop's ice-box day after tomorrow, and was nearly overcome with heat before they could get her out.

Tobe Sanders keeps his old cow hitched in the creek nearly all the time here lately. He says he does that to keep her from going dry.

Old Sam Sorry has sent four of his children to the orphanage. He says there was so many young-uns around his place that his hound dogs couldn't get enough to eat.

There wasn't but one of the deacons present at the Foolville church last Saturday. The other one had a doubling of moonshine on and couldn't leave it.

Buck Brogan has just returned from the northern markets where he placed an order for a pair of overalls, three pounds of sow-belly, and a package of cigarettes.

It is reported that devil-worship has been revived on a big scale in Paris. Well, that nothing. Lots of the preachers here in this country are doing the same thing.

POLITICAL SERMON

Preached at the Church of Saint Redemocan By Billy Bonehead.

Text:—Everthing iz awl rite, but hit needs fixin'."

My deer bruthern & sistern, this iz the most goshawfulest okashun I ever wuz at. But I am glad 2 be heer, & I am glad 2 see so menny ov yore good Redemocan faces smiling up at me like a shuck-pen full ov frost-bit punkins. I reckin we ort 2 be thankful that it ain't enny wuss.

10 er 15 years ago, deer frends, when I fust begun 2 rite letters fer The Fool-Killer, I dident hav no idiz ov ever bein a preecher. My hiest ambishun at that time wuz 2 be a grate & extinguished editur like The Fool-Killer man. But the years have rawt meeny changes, and heer I stand 2-day lookin down in2 yore moon-shiny faces & jist on the pint ov preechin my fust perlitikul sermunt.

I hev jist resuntly graddyated frum the most popular blockade still in the county with the degrees ov D. P.— which means Docketer ov Politix. & hit doo seem that politix air in need ov sum docterin. You awl kno awl thar ain't no better medisin fer our kind ov politix than a few swigs ov goo old moonshine. Amen! Gosh!

I hav tooken fer my text on this awtwistibus okashum sum words what I hope will go strate 2 yore harts:

"Everthing is awl rite, but hit needs fixin.."

You will find my text sumwhurs between the sacred leds ov The Fool-Killer, but I dont remember chapter & verse. Annyhow, these blessed words air like the Bam ov Catnip 2 my trubbled sole. Tha contain more trooth than you kood hawl hoam in a six-silinder wheel-bar with side-boards on.

Lookin about over our kuntry 2-day we dont see nuthin rong. The Capitul iz still at Washingtun, & kongress is still drawin its breth & its salary. What moar do you want? Glory hallelugy!

We see that prezident Hardtimes iz faithfully performin hiz offishel dooty. Ackordin 2 the papers thar haz bin an unusually big amount ov offishul Golf that jist had 2 be played this summer, or hit wuz in danger ov spilin. The government wuz short ov hands, & so the president jist pitched in and worked like a nigger tryin 2 git the golf played in a way that wood be sadisfyin 2 the voters ov the country. Hit is a grate blessin that we have a man in the White House hoo iz willin 2 sackrifize his own pleasure in order 2 git the peepul's Golf properly played. Hit iz an evvydent fakt that we kaint afford 2 pay tax for Golf & then not git it played. That wood bee a wicked waist ov munny.

& on top ov that, the prezident haz worked almost day & nite havin intervuze with the millyunares, whitch iz anuther very important branch ov the government's bizness. The pore millyunares hav bin havin a hard time 2 make tung & buckel meet, & the prezident haz used his offishel capasity 2 giv them awl the releef possibul. Hit is thought now that most ov the millyunares will be abul 2 pul threw the winter without starvin or freezin if the pore foax will keep on contributing az liberally az tha hav bin dooin. Amen! Glory 2 Ben!

The foregoin remarks, my deer frends, seem 2 indicate that awl we need iz a little moar ov what we wood hav if the condishuns were sich that we dident need anything only what we cood git.

SUFFERING VERSUS DEATH

Orthodoxy lays all its stress on the SUFFERINGS of Jesus. It talks just as if the AGONY was what saved the world.

Let us ask:

If Christ had not DIED could anybody have been saved?

You will answer "No".

Then he might have hung on the cross and SUFFERED for ten years, and if he had not finally DIED he would not have redeemed the world.

Orthodoxy tries to balance the SUFFERING of Jesus against the SUFFERING of lost souls in the place they call hell. But the reasonable and right way to look at it is to balance the DEATH of Jesus against the DEATH of the human race. The SUFFERING was only incidental, and has nothing in the world to do with the plan of salvation.

Why, man, if SUFFERING could have saved the world it would not have been necessary for Jesus to die at all. He could just have SUFFERED the required amount, and then stepped down from the cross and gone about his business.

But no.

The debt that Adam owed was not SUFFERING.

It was DEATH.

And whoever would pay that debt must DIE.

Man, can't you see?

"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"

A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of the The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographal Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25 cents. Order today—right now. Address:

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.

(Reprinted by request.)

THERE IS NO ONE BUT HENRY FORD.

Two years from now election comes—
The time to make another choice—
To dump the present load of bums,
And listen in to reason's voice.
But who can lead us? Who's the man
To get our decent rights restored?
It seems to me that Henry can—
There is no one but Henry Ford.

We've had enough of lawyer rule,
Of hot-air artists we are sick;
We want some man who ain't a fool,
And we would like to have him quick.
We've had too many presidents
With heads as hollow as a gourd;
We want a man with business sense;
There is no one but Henry Ford.

We've had too many "pa-tri-ots"
And durn sword-rattlers on the job;
And now we want a man with lots
Of common sense to quell the mob.
We want a man who stands for peace
Who'll make a plowshare of the sword;
There's one can do it slick a grease—
There is no one but Henry Ford.

So let us all unite and sing
The praises of the flivver man,
For we are certain he can bring
Good times if anybody can.
He is a great constructive power,
But one the "statesmen" have ignored;
For leader in this trying hour
There is no one but Henry Ford.

—James Larkin Pearson.

PARAGRAPHS.

Europe is living on the interest of what it owes.

Have you read Kaiser Bill's new book? Oh, don't apologize—I haven't either.

If James M. Cox isn't thankful for his defeat two years ago, he simply doesn't know when he is in luck.

They are no longer bothered with counterfeit money in Europe. Their money isn't worth counterfeiting.

Supporting the government is all right, but most of our modern patrioteers are merely "holding it up."

It is very unfair for Europe to say that America has no interest in Europe. She has some, but she can't get it.

Smokers who use these-here long cigarette-holders probably to it to get the smell as far away from their noses as possible.

The Constitution says something about the rights of the people to bear arms, but there is nothing said about bare backs.

Just at this writing they are having another "conference" in Europe. If I have kept the count right, this is the 20th "conference" the nations have held since the armistice, and they have all ended just alike. they do is to call another "conference."

The Literary Digest recently printed an article headed, "Why Do We Laugh?" I can't answer for all, but about 30,000 people laugh because they read The Fool-Killer.

Uncle Sam is determined to keep out of that Near East fuss. As a proof of it he has just ordered twelve war ships to Constantinople. How perfectly sweet of him!

It is some consolation to be told that President Harding has perfect feet. And, by the way, I guess they must be what he does his thinking with. Wonder if he hasn't anything at all at the other end?

In times of capitalistic "prosperity" the under dogs are told that they must "work or starve." But in times like these they cut out the alternative of "work" and simply tell the pore devils to "starve." Cold comfort!

Blessed is the man who stays out of a flying machine, for he can have the fun of getting killed some other way.

The Retroublicans can now understand how the Dummycats used to feel. Wow! What'll you have next? Speak up.

The man who thinks with his belly can usually turn out a better grade of thunks when he gets right plum good and hungry.

I know lots of church members who think so much of their religion and want to take such good care of it that they never use it except on Sunday. And even then they are mighty particular about who rubs up against it.

I see in the papers that the price of radium is coming down. Bully for Buck! Now you hungry folks can run to the grocery store and buy you a mess of radium.

Knowledge is the shell that wisdom grows in, and I have known some cases where a mighty big nice shell turns out to be empty.

Our "patriotic" statesmen are very fond of rolling over their silver plated tongues the threadbare statement that we have in this country a "stable" government. Stable? Sniff! Sniff! Yes, I guess that accounts for its awful smell.

Most of the so called religion that people have is 30 per cent ignorance, 30 per cent prejudice, 30 per cent pride, and 10 per cent fear. Not much religion, eh!

USE THE LITTLE DEVIL

This is only a suggestion, but there may be great possibilities in it. Anyhow, I want to pass it along.

I have been reading a good deal here of late about the boll weevil, and it seems that he is getting to be such a power in the land that the whole cotton-raising industry of the South is seriously threatened: I live in the South, but not exactly in a cotton-raising section, so I have not seen much of it with my own eyes.

The situation is so serious that Senator Smith of South Carolina has proposed that the entire South take a year off and plant no cotton at all for one year, thus giving Mr. Weevil a chance to starve to death, as he will not eat anything except cotton. The Senator from South Carolina thinks that is the only way to get rid of the boll weevil, and he is probably right.

But looky here!

As I stated at the opening of this chapter, I want to make a suggestion.

Maybe it isn't necessary to get rid of the boll weevil. If our inventive geniuses would put their heads together and study right hard, maybe they could discover or invent some way to use the little devil. What I mean is this—think up some way to convert him into an asset and make him pay for his feed. Why, it hasn't been many years since cotton seed were a waste product and not worth anything at all. The gins hauled them off and dumped them in gullies or in the river to get rid of them. But today the seed is about the most valuable part of the cotton crop. What made the change? Simply this: The people went to work and discovered some use for the seed. If that hadn't been done they would still be throwing away half of the cotton crop.

Now what I suggest is this: Let's do the boll weevil just like we did the cotton seed—find a use for him. When a crop is thrust upon us which will plant itself and produce such an abundant yield without any attention at all, it seems like a rather short-sighted policy to be wanting to exterminate it.

From all accounts, the boll weevil is just such a crop. It is said that each married couple of weevils can raise 12,000,000 children in the course of a year. In other words, if you have a bushel of seed weevils to start with in the spring, you can harvest a crop of six million bushels. Think of your profits! Even at twenty cents a bushel—and anybody that wanted weevils at all would be willing to pay that much— your profits would be over a million dollars a year. And then to think that people are trying to stamp out and exterminate such a crop as that!

The only thing necessary to raise a crop of weevils would be to plant cotton as usual, but not with any intention of harvesting the cotton. Let the cotton get up about so big, and then take your seed weevils out and sow them carefully over the field. Let them eat the cotton (which they seem to be doing anyhow), and then at the proper time you can harvest the weevils and sell them.

Let's see, now—what could boll weevils be used for?

Since they eat nothing but cotton, it is very likely that their innards are sorter tough and stringy. We might cross them with spiders and teach them to do their own spinning. That would cut out the expense of building and operatig so many cotton mills, and it would release milions of mill-hands and give them leisure to enjoy life.

Boll weevils, when fully ripe, have got a good deal of juice in them. This could be pressed out and used as lard for cooking purposes. The name of it would be "Bugoline", of course. Then the dried pulp could be worked up into some new kind of breakfast food, to be known as "Weevil Flakes" or "Bugum", or or something like that. A page ad in the Saturday Evening Boast ought to sell it like hot cakes.

There is no telling how many uses might be found for the boll weevil. He might be used to make nearly anything from potted ham to corn likker.

So let's not be too fast about exterminating the boll weevil. He may be an angel in disguise.

DON'T SCARE YOURSELF.

I reckon we are the doggondest smartest race of two-legged critters that ever lived in this world. Anyhow, we are always finding new solutions for every problem under the sun. Mrs. Anne Besant has found one. She says she believes the mental and sexual faculties are opposed to each other.

In an Australian paper that comes to this office Mrs. Besant is quoted as saying:

"The more cultured men become the less pronounced do the reproductive instincts become. I want to see a great increase of mental ability."

Now let's see about that. Just suppose, for instance, that Mrs. Besant's theory turns out to be true. Then a great increase of mental ability would shore-to-goodness end all our troubles. Just let man get so wise, so intelectual, so full of knowlege, that he lost all inclination to reproduce himself, and all the problems that have vexed humanity for many thousands of years would be solved at last. War would come to an end. Drunkenness and prostitution would vanish from the earth. Poverty would exist no more. Crime would cease to be.

But wait a minute.

There is just one dark blot on the fair picture. There wouldn't be anybody alive to enjoy it—unless it is true, as the Bible Students tell us, that millions of people now living will never die, and that the dead are going to be raised to such a state of perfection that they will not die any more.

ANOTHER NEW THING UNDER THE SUN

If the Hon. John W. Solomon, late King of Israel, were here today he would have to revise his old saying. For indeed the new things are coming so thick and fast that we can hardly count 'em.

Yes, honey, I am always looking after the new things. Some of them are humbugs, to be sure, and some of them are not. The only way to get the benefit of the good new things as they come along is to "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good," as the Rev. Paul used to say.

If we are so skeered of the bad new things that we refuse to investigate anything that is new, we are going to slip up and miss a lot of mighty good things that we might have had.

That's the gospel according to Pearson.

All right.

And now if nothing goes wrong with the running-gear of my gab-trap for the next few minutes, this is going to be a sockdoliger of a Sermon on the very newest way to knock old man Charles H. Death off of his roost.

There is a little bald-headed son of Abraham out about old Frisco who claims to have rung the bell for shore-certain. This here son of Abraham that I am talking about is a doctor man, but besides being a doctor he seems to be also a great scientist and expert electrician. His name is Dr. Albert Abrams, and he has been working on his idea for a number of years, trying to find out if there was some way to make electricity do it all and let the pills and powders take a rest.

Well, he says now that he has succeeded far beyond his wildest dreams. The pill-boxes and the bottles of belly-wash can now go to thunder and stay there. Electricity will tell you what's the matter and cure you while you wait, and the only way anybody can die will be to get so tickled over their good health that they will laugh themselves to death.

The new method is called the "Electronic Reactions of Abrams," and it seems to be a sort of doubled-and-twisted twin cousin to the radio telephone. It doesn't seem a bit more strange or unreasonable than the radio, and if one is true the other may be. With my own ears I have heard music and talking which came 800 miles through the naked air. I know that is a fact. And yet just a few years ago that would have been a miracle. Anything that we thought couldnt be done is a miracle 'until it happens often enough to make it common, and then we wonder why it used to seem so strange.

Same way with Dr. Abrams and his new method of cheating the grave. It is so strange now that we can't conceive of the posibility of its being true. But it may be true, after all. I sorter think it is, but am not going to be too sure about it till I see further.

As to the inside workings of the thing, I can't tell you much about that. I am neither electrician nor professor of physics. But common sense teaches me a few things. I know that a fice dog can trot across a bridge and shake it when a heavily loaded wagon would not cause even a tremor. The bridge is "tuned" to a certain key or pitch of vibration. The trotting of the dog hits that key and starts it to vibrate. Enogh trotting dogs would soon shake it down, but any number of loaded wagons would not budge it.

Roughly speaking, that is the principle on which Dr. Abrams is working. He says he has discovered that everything in nature is Radio-Active, and he has invented an apparatus delicate enough to record the vibrations. He says each disease has its own peculiar vibration as shown on the dial of his instrument, and then the same vibration given with more intensity will cure the disease.

Once upon a time the great singer Caruso, after a banquet, sat at the table tapping with his finger upon his empty wine galss. Having discovered the pitch or note at which it vibrated, he sat back and sang that note at the glass and shivered it to bits.

That's the idea. Vibration. And if diseases have a certain vibratory rate, and if an instrument has been made to detect and record that rate, and to intensify it, then it seems reasonable that any disease might be put out of business just as easily as Caruso shivered the wine-glass with his voice.

Other doctors in different parts of the world are flocking to San Francisco to learn the new way of healing and to get the instruments. But the general run of old-fashioned drug-doctors are up in arms against it and declare that Abrams is a humbug. Maybe so. We'll just wait and see.

This is an age of wonders. We believe it is the dawning of the Golden Age. We are looking for something to happen that will do away with sickness and death. The Bible strongly intimates that these blessings will come through the Jews. Dr. Abrams is a Jew. It is worth thinking about.

Good-by. Come again.

It is hard to tell whether Greece is in the frying-pan or in the fire.

Man is just about the low-down-est animal in all the human race.

Maybe King David will sign the bonus bill about the middle of the millenniun. Be patient, boys.

It is really pathetic to see how intensely this administration does love the soldier boys. Boys, why don't you go and hug the dear old administration's neck.

The Fool=Killer

Volume XII. Boomer, North Carolina, November, 1922. Number 7.

THE VALLEY OF TEARS

Once, when the world was folden
Heavy with unshed night,
Hidden and unbeholden
Of God's piercing sight,
Thou didst awaken and borrow
Time from the unborn years,
Sorrowful mother of sorrow,
O Valley of Tears.

Thy unmade hills wore shaken,
Thou yet-unbuilded earth,
And brooding Space was taken
With pains of cosmic birth—
With pains that went before thee,
Abreast with nameless fears,
When laboring nature bore thee,
O Valley of Tears.

Slow as the feet of the ages,
Treading the grapes of wrath;
Having such wine for wages
As no mortal hath;
Born of such bitter crying
As no mortal hears,
Thou camest, doomed and dying,
O Valley of Tears.

Then we, like insects breeding
Within some stagnant fen,
Came forth of thy blind leading,
A blinder race of men;
Of men whose voice of wailing
Is loud in heaven's ears,
But barren and unavailing,
O Valley of Tears.

Nursed at the breast of passion,
Rocked in the cradle of pain;
Eating, with lips turned ashen,
All things bitter and vain.
Here where no star hath risen,
Here where no light appears,
Faint we in thy dark prison,
O Valley of Tears.

—James Larkin Pearson.

ON PARADE

These things I see, passing in endless file:
Night with her mantle, treading the heels of Dawn;
Love with a kiss, Hate with a dagger drawn:
Death with a mask, and Beauty with a smile.
And these go marching, marching, all the while:
Faint-hearted, crouching Fear, and timid Hope,
And weeping Sorrow, holding in her scope
All things that be, of every name and style.

But I have seen the end of this parade—
The goal of every pilgrim on the way—
And I shall journey, too, as far as they,
Till all shall reach the Valley of the Shade,
Where I shall meet, in some sure Afterwhile,
Death with a mask, and Beauty with a smile.

—James Larkin Pearson.

A SERMON ON COLUMBUS

The Providence Journal wants to know where we-unses would all have been now if Columbus hadn't discovered America. Oh, I guess if Chris hadn't done it somebody else would. As big a thing as America couldn't have remained lost forever. The reason it wasn't found sooner was because the people of old times were ignorant and didn't know how to look for anything. The people of the old world probably knew thousands of years ago that America was lost, but they didn't seem to care. If anybody had wanted to find it at an earlier date they could easily have done so. It was right here, and so far as we know it made no effort to get away. It was not a bit wild when Columbus and his men arrived. America hadn't done anything then to be ashamed of like she had now, and there was no need for her to run and hide like Adam and Eve did when God came walking in the garden about five o'clock one evening.

My honest opinion is that Columbus has always been given too much honor for what he did. He has been treated just as if he had done something that was very hard to do, like finding a needle in a haystack or a Democrat that didn't want office. But what he did was nothing like that. He started sailing west, and all he had to do was to just sit steady in the boat and come right on. Here was America stretched right across his path for about five or six thousand miles, and even if he had come with his eyes shut he was bound to have hit it somewhere. He couldn't possibly have missed it, unless he had turned around and gone some other way.

So I can't see that Columbus is entitled to so much credit, after all. Now if he had found an honest politician, or discovered some sense in this-here "new poetry," it would have been something to brag about. But just discovering America—good Lord! Anybody could have done that.

There are plenty of sure cures for every disease known to man. They are perfectly nice, respectable cures, and the only objection to them is that they never cure anything.

DISILLUSIONED

I clip the following editorial from the pages of Charity and Children, a Baptist paper published here in North Carolina. The writer seems to be one of the disillusioned; but having lost his illusions he hasn't found anything to take their place. He believed all the flowery propaganda they fed him on during the war. He expected everything to turn out just like the official lying-machines said it would. It never once entered his mind that the whole nation and the whole world was being "strung" And so when the bottom dropped out and he saw what sort of fruit the fine promises had borne—well, he was all upset about it, and he had to get the disappointment out of his system in the manner following:

> The world is deeply disappointed at the results of our victory over Germany. Millions of our bravest and best are sleeping in bloody graves, and the nations of Europe are looking forward already to the next war. We thought we were giving our boys in a holy cause—that of putting an end to war. Has that been done? We thought we were breaking the shackles from the hands of the weak nations. Has that been done? We were told that we were disarming the oppressors of mankind, but the infamous Turks are busy killing Christians and bidding defiance to their "conquerors." Where are the fruits of our sacrifice? For what did our boys suffer and die? We find the same old greed among the nations of Europe that brought on the war. They are still clamoring for commercial advantage. Broken and bleeding as they are, the old spirit of selfishness seems to be as rampant as ever. The United States made a great contribution of treasure and of blood to end the reign of autocracy in the world, and now refuses to lift a finger to hold the advantage we won at so great cost. We are less united, less brotherly and friendly than we were before the great conflict. We are allies no longer, but each nation is fighting for itself. What is to be the final outcome of it all? Is it possible that it will take another world struggle to bring universal peace? We do not believe war will ever settle any thing. If we cannot live in peace without fighting for it civilization is doomed. The only hope for us in the world is in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. If that fails us there is no other way.

Well, now, that is too bad, ain't it? Just to think of a shore-to-goodness great editor being balled up like that! His first big mistake was in being too much of an easy-mark and letting them string him along with all that bunk. I don't claim to be very smart, but that stuff didn't catch me. Not for nary single minute. I knew it was propaganda and hot air and would all fade out in the wash.

But the editor of Charity and Children is voicing the thought of many millions of good people who were caught in the same trap and who feel just like he does about it. And it is to these disillusioned millions that I would like to say a few words.

If people would study the Bible prophecies intelligently they would not need to be in the dark about these things. But the popular orthodox teaching about the prophecies is so wide of the mark that it only makes the confusion worse. There are many ways of interpreting the Bible prophecies, but there is just one RIGHT way. And there is no better proof of which is the right way than to compare them with the EVENTS as they happen. There is just one system of Bible study that has fitted the events exactly, and thus it has proven itself correct. You will not find any member of the International Bible Students who has to put up such a hopeless wail of disillusionment as Charity and Children has uttered. They understood years ago just how it was going to be, and nothing that has happened has come as a surprise to them. The Whole Truth is too big for me to try to tell in this little old paper. I can only repeat here what I have said so many times: READ RUSSELL.

THE FEMININE "SOUL."

Our Mister George Harvey, who functionates officially at the Court of Saint Jim, has got the religious world by the ear and making it turkey—trot all over the place. In a recent speech before the Author's Club in London Harvey raises the question as to whether women have "souls." And nobody seems able to answer.

Great problem!
Awful stunner!
Mighty hard question!
Yes-sir-ee!

But, sakes alive, how easy it would be if they would only exercise a little common sense. If they could only get it through their terra-cotta noggins that men haven't got any "souls" either. But that solution of the problem is so simple that they have never thought of it. The swell-headed scions of Spookology prefer to dabble in mysterious and foolish guesses about impossible theories instead of coming right out and facing the plain facts.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

James Larkin Pearson - - - -Editor
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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-seventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this rag of reform.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor, and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will, and that settles it.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, N. C.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for Oct, 1922:

Editor, Managing Editor, Bus. Mgr., Publisher and Sole Owner—James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 1st day of Oct., 1922.

Mattie F. Greer, P.M.

My commission expires 192

PARAGRAPHS.

The money the other fellow has is capital. Getting it away from him is labor.

History is an effort to explain in books how one fight after another got started.

Family skeletons used to be kept in the closet. Now they print them in the papers.

The peace of Europe is not of as much interest to the Turk as a piece of Europe.

Looks like we ought to have a warm winter this time, after so much hot air has been turned loose in the country.

If you can't strike the iron while it is hot, the next best thing is to strike it so hard and so fast that you'll make it hot.

A fellow told his girl that she was the very breath of his life, and then she told him to please hold his breath.

Old Satan has only got a few more years here on this earth, but he certainly is putting in good time while he does stay.

Hereafter, if the voting machine doesn't run right, the female voter can fix it with a hair-pin.

If sleeping out of doors will produce beauty, I know some folks who ought to sleep out about twelve nights a week.

I suppose Henry Cabot Lodge must feel sorter like the black unwashed sinner who just DID escape going to hell. But he got his whiskers singed, all right.

It is said that five thousand cigarettes are lighted in the United States every second. How lucky it is that all that stink ain't at once place! But as the smell goes floating up toward heaven, I wouldn't be surprised if God and the angels have to hold their noses.

There was going to be a great junking of battleships in this country. There was going to be real progress toward disarmament. But what are the facts? Why, bless you, they have junked three or four old tubs that would have been junked anyhow, and there is now a great cry for a bigger navy. So much for the promises! Oh, how much longer will it take us to learn a little sense?

The Democrats are always outlining "clear-cut, out-spoken, militant policies" when they are out of office. And so are the Republicans. But they neither one do anything when they get in. That's the devil of it. If all the great and good things that the politicians PROMISE us were actually delivered—oh, boy; Heaven wouldn't be in it at all. But they are never delivered. Please remember that.

FLOP! FLOP! FLOP!

This has got to be a regular "flopping" old nation. At one election it flops one way, and then at the next election it flops right back where it was before. Nobody knows just who does it, nor why, but it seems that everybody helps to do it, and then everybody gets mad because it wasn't done different.

Talk about fools! If you can find a bigger fool than the great American voter I want to get his name and address, please.

Two years ago this fool nation flopped over on the Republican roosting pole. But the roosting on that pole wasn't as easy as the old flopper had expected. The Repubilcan pole was crooked and wobbly and full of knots and splinters, and didn't smell much good, nohow. So now the flopper has got tired of roosting on that pole and has tried to flop back, this time falling on its back sorter under the Democratic roost, and it will now have to lie there with its legs sticking up and smell both of the stinking old parties.

Sarn-taked if it don't get wuss and wuss. Just a few more flops and the great American flopper will be out of its misery.

MONKEY OR MUD?

There is no longer any doubt about it—the Evolution question is getting the popular churches all het up. If this keeps up we are liable to know pretty soon whether we evoluted from monkeys or not. They have got it to where it must be settled one way or the other.

It isn't any longer a fight between a united church and the Darwinites outside of the church. It is a fight altogether inside of a divided church. Nearly all the educated preachers and laymen take the monkey side, while the uneducated masses take the mud side. It is a fight to the finish between the Fundamentalists and the Scientists, and if they don't split all their churches as wide open as a boot jack it will be a wonder to me.

It is a plain case that the monkey people are not going to sacrifice their monkey on the altar of church unity. It is equally certain that the mud people are not going to give up their mud. So there is no more chance to harmonize the two factions than there is to mix oil and water. You have just got to take one side and let the other side go. Or else you have got to stand off a safe distance and watch the fight.

But I have been thinking something like this: Why not let each feller have the ancestor he prefers? If it pleases a man better to believe that he is the son of an ape, why, let's not deprive him of the pleasure. On the other hand, if a man can get more peace and satisfaction out of believing that his grandpap was a mud pie, then let him go to it. Folks get little enough enjoyment out of life, anyhow, and we ought not to cheat them out of that little by raising a fuss about their ancestors.

Maybe some folks were made out of mud and others out of Monkeys. I don't doubt that God is able to use both materials. I don't doubt that God could have made man out of a pumpkin seed if He had wanted to. And some men are so sorry that I often think they must have been made out of a seed-tick or a louse.

THE DISHRAG

Now I'll bet you think that's a dickens of a subject to write about. Maybe so, but you must remember that it often depends more on the writer than it does on the subject. A bang-up writer can take the bummest sort of a subject and write a pretty passable yarn about it, while one of these jack-leg scribblers could take Heaven for a subject and make the angels weep.

When I was a little bare-footed rascal about the size of a fat man's fist, I used to be the dish-washer at mammy's house. I used to line up the dirty dishes in battle array, giving each of them a knife and fork to fight with, and then I would charge at them with a wet dishrag and win a great victory. The greasy memory of those dish-washing days sticks to my brain like disease germs to a fly's foot or the odor of onions to boarding-house hash.

At the old field school we used to have debates on "The Dishrag and the Broom," and I was always on the side of my old friend, the dishrag. Some of my greatest orations were delivered in defense of that faithful friend of the kitchen mechanic.

The dishrag is a wonderful invention. History is strangely silent as to the name of the inventor, but we know it to be of very ancient origin. The dishrag must have been invented about five or six thousand years before the woods were burnt. It was old and gray-headed when the Atlantic ocean was just a little puddle, and they used the ocean for a dish-pan.

The ancients were well acquainted with this well-known weapon of kitchen warfare, and their sweet sixteens could play "Dixie Doodle" on an old greasy plate to beat the band. Many of the most classic dishrags that we have any account of were of Greek and Roman architecture.

The dishrag! Look at it as it hangs there behind the stove, and try to imagine how the world would have gotten on without it. How faithfully and uncomplainingly it has served mankind, and yet the poor thing has been treated worse than a dog. It has had to be content with nuzzling over the empty dishes after the greedy boarders had gobbled up everything. And this is the first time it has ever had its biography written.

PLEASE DON'T LET 'EM DO IT.

I am very much excited. I am exceedingly scared. I am terribly nervous. I am awfully upset.

'Cause why?

Well, I have just seen it stated in a news dispatch from Tallimahassimaroo that a band of heartless astronomers are hatching a dark plot to get us all into more trouble. And I have got to sound a note of warning, and sound it just as loud as I can, before this thing goes a bit further.

It seems that the professors at some of the big astronomical hang-outs have learned everything that they can possibly learn about the celestial machinery from their present viewpoint. They have studied the universe and skimmed the Milky Way with their vulgar telescopic eyes until they have seemingly conquered all the mysteries that are in sight from the present location. And so they now propose to take a crowbar and pry the earth loose from its orbit and send it whirling and spinning off through unfrequented ways for the sole purpose of poking their inquisitive noses into the hidden wonders of unseen and unseeable worlds.

Do you catch on to the terrible nature of the scheme? Do you see the awful consequences that might flow from the execution of such a plot? Those of us who have studied astronomy through a tin dipper handle are aware that if the earth should be made to leave its regular orbit even the fraction of an inch it would result in terrible disasters. Once off the track, there is no telling where the earth might wander off to. It would be more than apt to collide with some neighboring world against which we have not the slightest ill-feeling, and which it would be the height of ill manners for us to butt into.

And aside from the question of etiquette, the force of the collision would be mighty apt to jar the gold fillings out of our teeth and do other minor damage, all of which can be avoided by letting the earth remain seated astraddle of its present orbit.

It seems to me that our great astronomers already know just about as much as their heads can hold, and what we need right now is some way of finding out if there is any truth in what they know. Anyway, we might learn more than we contracted for if we should pull up stakes and go roaming around through the uncharted universe in search of new worlds to conquer. In an unguarded moment we might knock the precious jewels out of Miss Saturn's ring. Or if we failed to do that, we might stagger up against Uncle Jupiter and make him think the devil was after him with a beanshooter.

In short, there are just oodlings of things that might happen, any one of which would make us wish we had stayed nearer home and been content to breathe our own little corner of wind. In such far-off rambles we might come to some well-ordered community where Democrats, Republicans, Japanese and niggers would not be admitted. Then everybody would be mad, and somebody would start a rough house , and we might all get killed.

When these astronomer fellers first mentioned their black plot against the safety of the world, it was regarded as a joke. Later, however, it was discovered that it was all based upon fact, and that the story was given out early so that we might all get ready for the big event.

My private opinion is that any set of men who are mean enough to move this earth in any such a careless manner as that ought to be put up and lynched at public auction. It seems that other governments have been rather slow about taking action on this matter, and I therefore urge the United States to look after it at once. There should be an "investigation" ordered right away, and a committee appointed to see that no cranky astronomer is allowed to get hold of tools with which he could pry the earth loose from its orbit. This business of moving the earth is a big thing, and we are all interested in it. Please don't let 'em do it.

PROXGIVING THANKLAMATION

Well, feller citizens, accordto the government's medical almanac we are getting around again to the time of year when it is cuss-to-Mary for us, as a people, to open the flood-gates of our lying and hypocritical souls and pretend that we are so blamed good that sugar won't melt in our mouths.

After giving 364 days of the year to the service of the devil, we imagine it will satisfy God for us to come sneaking around and give Him a few minutes of empty lip-service once a year. We all know that's what it amounts to, and we just well be honest once in our lives .

Now, therefore, I, Warranted-to-Give-us-Hardtimes, President of the Benited States of Plutocracy, do make and publish the following Proxgiving Thanklamation:

All people of these Benited States are hereby notified that they are absolutely satisfied and happy—that they have got everything their hearts could crave, and that they couldn't possibly be any happier in heaven. In fact, I am expecting every day to get a message from heaven saying that God and the angels want to come down here and live with us, since we have got so much nicer and happier place than they have.

The public is further notified that the cause of all these great blessings can be traced to my election as president. I have transformed this country from a howling wilderness of Democratic ruin to a perfect paradise of Republican prosperity. We ought to be thankful that we have had no hard times since I have been in. We ought to be thankful that we have no strikes and labor troubels. What you heard about a coal strike and rail strike was just a pack of Democratic lies. The coal diggers never quit work at all. What would any coal digger want to strike for in such a paradise as this, when he had more money and other luxuries than he knew what to do with? We ought to be thankful that right now every family has got so much coal stored up that they are in danger of being too warm this winter. And, more than that, the mine owners are just giving it to the people and begging them to come and take it out of the way.

In like manner, the railroads have quit charging for their services. They now haul freight and passengers for nothing, and often pay the public for a chance to serve them.

Acting upon my advice, the clothing merchants have quit charging for clothes; the grocery store would take it as an insult if you offered to pay your grocery bill; the automobile companies are just giving away cars, and Johndee Rocky is pleading with tears in his eyes for people to come and get gas without money and without prcie.

I have had a law passed that rubber tires shall not wear out, and there is nothing to do now except just ride and enjoy yourself. You only need to stop just long enough to eat and sleep a little. It is your official duty to be thankful for all these blessings.

Of course the soldier boys are thankful for their bonus, and of course they appreciated my help in getting it for them. As each war-veteran goes around spending his millions he cannot fail to remember what a hard time I had in forcing Congress to pass the bonus bill. For some reason Congress didn't want the boys to have all that money, and so it was due entirely to my patriotic efforts that they finally got it. Hurrah for me and myself!

It is rather hard to find anything in the recent election to be thankful for. But we can at least be thankful that We Republicans have got a few patches of hide left. We are thankful for Lodge, and for Fess, and for a few more of the good old standpatters. We are also thankful that the Democratic landslide wasn't quite as bad as it might have been. We are thankful that the public's memory is short, and maybe it will forget about this and vote for us again in 1924. Amen.

The financial optimists are always telling us that business is on the up-grade. Doggon it, I guess that's right, and it must be an awful steep grade, too, judging by the slow progress business is making.

"SPIRIT RADIO."

Honest to goodness, fellers, it is getting so that I can hardly work for laughing. Every little while I just have to stop my work and rear back and haw-haw. The fool capers of the fool Smart Elicks in this modern world are just too rich for anything.

Haw-haw-haw!

I see that the Spiritists are taking up radio, and say they are going to get radio messages from the spirit world. In other words, they are going to put up a broadcasting station over on the other side of the river Styx, and the "souls" of dead people going to talk back to us. All we will have to do in order to hear from the "land of the dead" will be to turn a little knob and 'tune in".

Haw-haw-haw!

That's very funny to me.

Suppose we got a message from Adam declaring that he did not eat that apple, then what? How in the world are we going to know whether it is really Adam's voice or some lying hypocrite trying to impersonate Adam? We will have to have some proof as to where the messages come from before we can swallow them. Ain't that a fact? Old Satan might have a broadcasting station rigged up in one corner of hell, and there's no telling what sort of bogus messages he might send out.

Haw-haw again.

But seriously, now:

If the "souls" of dead people were still alive over in the spirit world, I wouldn't dare to say that it was impossible for them to send messages back to this world. In fact, if you are going to believe that the dead are not dead, you just as well believe anything else the spirit mediums tell you. For that is the biggest lie they can possibly tell, and if it can go down your goozle you have no right to gag at anything else.

"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"
A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of the The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographal Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25 cents. Order today—right now. Address:

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.

REDEMOCAN PRAYER

Almighty and all-powerful Old-party Boss (it don't matter which one, for you are all alike): Once more upon bended knees, all spraddle-legged and flattened out, we come cross-eyed and whamper jawed to make our most humiliating manners before thy absquatulating greatness. Look down upon us, O mighty Boss, and behold how meek and humble we are. Take the toe of thy yaller shoe and kick us over and examine us from all sides and see that we are the genuine goods. We are thy foolish and faithful dupes, and there is no intelligence in us. It don't take any intelligence to be a good Redemocan, and that's what we are. Our only object in life is to vote as thou tellest us, and then we get what we do not want, because we voted for it.

O mighty Boss, we love to worship and serve thee almost as well as we love to drink bootleg booze. And even when thou drinkest the booze and lettest us smell of the bottle, we are as happy as dead pigs in the sunshine. Drink and serve—that's what tickles us; and the drunker we are the better we can serve thee.

O mighty Boss, thou knowest that there are no such words as Republican and Democrat in our vocabulary. We are full-blooded Redemocans and nothing else. Sometimes we vote one party ticket and sometimes another, but thou art boss of all the old-party tickets, and thy man gettest our votes just the same one way as the other. Two years ago we nearly all voted for Mister Hardtimes just for a change. But this year we wanted another change, and came very near getting it.

But thou knowest, O Boss (whichever Boss it happens to be) that we were voting for thee and thy gang all the time. Thou knowest no party lines. Whether thou art on one side or the other thou art always working in the interest of the plutes and grand rascals of high finance and rotten society. The different party names are only to fool us voters with. And, oh, how we do love to be fooled! We know that many of us are ragged and hungry and out of a job, but we don't know why, and we don't care. That ain't none of our business. Thou wilt look after that. Our business is to drink the campaign likker and vote the ticket, and trust thee for everything else. If the man we vote for gets elected it's all right, and if he gets beat it's all right just the same. Thou art still in the saddle and thy word is the law of the land. We humbly beseech thee to keep us as ignorant as hogs, and do not let us learn any sense.

Our Political Boss who art in control, Plutocrat be thy name; thy victory come, thy will be done in one party the same as in another. Give us this day our daily dram, and forgive us the price of it as we forgive those who help us drink it. Lead us not into government ownership, but deliver us from a Workers' Party, for thine are the Congress, the Courts and the Special Privilege. Amen.

'BIG BIZ" GETS GOOD AGAIN

I see that another "big business and religion" organization has been started. This one is called the "Christian Business Man's Federation."

Let's see—

How many is that?

There was the "Men and Religion Forward Movement," daddied by J. P. Morgan several years ago. It lived about two years ago begat sons and daughters for the devil, and it died. Next was the "Interchurch World Movement," daddied by Rocky D. Oilyfeller, which was going to run religion on a strictly business basis like the Standard Oil Company, and make it pay cash dividends to swell the Oilyfeller fortune. Religion was to be entirely a matter of money, and whoever could muster the most cash would be the greatest leader in "religion."

Well, that bastard movement lived about two or three years and begat a big debt that Jawndee had to pay, and it died. It was not buried at once, but lay around and stunk till the buzzards finally had to eat it.

And now another one of the same breed has been "fotch forth" by old Mrs. Big Church, the popular and fashionable wife of old Mr. Big Biz.

They will soon have a regular graveyard full of their dead, defunct, denatured, demented, degenerated, decapitated, de-de-de-de-devilized bastard movements. Just watch.

If the Republican hen had layed a few more eggs maybe the Republican rooster would still have been able to crow. But it's too late now.

Scientists say that sleeping out of doors will make a person beautiful. At last! Now we know how to account for the hobo's charming appearance.

The dictionary will always tell you how to spell a word, but you must know how to spell it in the first place so you can find it in the dictionary.

It never pays to believe the same lie twice.

Now if them-thar Radio waves would just bring a hungry man something to eat.

I have come to the conclusion that about the best way to vote is to not vote at all.

Still another reason why we call this a "stable" government is because it is run mostly by mules.

What is the use to have any more conferences to see if they can disagree? They ought to know it by this time.

Mr. Monkey Again

The following article, which first appeared in the September issue of this paper, was in such great demand that all the extra copies of that issue were soon taken. The demand has continued until it has been found necessary to print the article again. So here it is:

LETTER FROM A MONKEY

Dear Mr. Editor:

Will you give space in your paper for a regular blue-blooded aristocratic monkey to say a few words? I see in the papers that you human folks have got up a terribly hot argument on the question of Evolution, and I want you all to understand that we monkeys are interested in that. When it comes to bringing such awful charges against our noble monkey race as some of your scientists have done, it is time for us to speak up and defend ourselves.

I see that a man by the name of Darwin has made the statement that all you forked things with shoes on can trace your ancestral line back to us monkeys. And according to the best information I can get, all your scholars of the present day accept the Darwin theory and they claim that the proof of it is too strong to be denied.

Being an educated monkey, I have studied Darwin and his followers pretty carefully myself, and I admit that they put up some very plausible arguments. Some of their statements are no doubt very convincing to the limited mentality of a mere human, but to the stronger intellect of a monkey they are as flimsy as cobwebs.

And now, Mr. Editor, with your kind permission, I will now proceed to give your readers a few monkey reasons why the Darwin theory cannot be true.

In the first place, monkeys are peaceable folks. We never invented gunpowder and submarines, poison gas and TNT. We have never had a great world war among us and butchered up and starved twenty million monkeys just to humor the whim of half a dozen monkey kaisers. We have got more sense than that. We hardly ever get sick if left alone. It is only when taken captive and kept in your human society that we pine away and die prematurely. Therefore we have no use for doctors and drug stores, hospitals and hot water bottles. We have never had a law suit over a line fence, and we don't need a great army of monkey lawyers to protect our personal interests from other monkeys. We have got more sense than that. We don't drink corn likker nor smoke cigars, chew tobacco nor dip snuff. We have more self-respect than to touch those nasty things.

And then again—and this is one of my strongest points—we monkeys do not commit sin. We never have to be threatened with hell fire to keep us straight. We don't need the services of a million monkey preachers continually trying to drag us into heaven by the hair of the head. We are not afraid of any devil with horns and forked hoofs, and the hell that your preachers talk so much about has no terrors for us.

We monkeys don't have to make money in order to live. We don't have to sweat in old dirty factories nor sit humped up all day counting column after column of foolish figures on paper. We know how to get along and live our lives in peace without so much bother, and I'll bet five bushels of cocoanuts against your store teeth that we get more enjoyment out of life than you do.

Now you take all these evil things that I have mentioned—including sin and the fear of hell—and you will notice that they are confined to the human race exclusively. We monkeys are not bothered with them at all If you men had half as much sense as we monkeys have got you surely could see that there is no blood relation between us Our way of living is simple and satisfactory, while yours is very complicated and very unsatisfactory. The differences are much greater than the resemblances, and therefore any attempt to prove a common origin is bound to end in failure.

Now, Mr. Editor, if this isn't enough proof, and if your wise men are still unable to see the point, I will write again.

Yours truly,

CHIMPAN Z. MONKEY.

LATE AGAIN.

This issue is unavoidably late, on account of sickness and other troubles. I am doing the very best I can under the most awful adverse conditions that any poor editor ever had to struggle against. And most of you do not seem to care. You refused to help me get a linotype machine, which I so urgently need, and now whenever the paper is late it is your fault and not mine.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.